VOL. CCIX, No. 2728

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THE SPHERE, MAY 24, 1952
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The SPHERE

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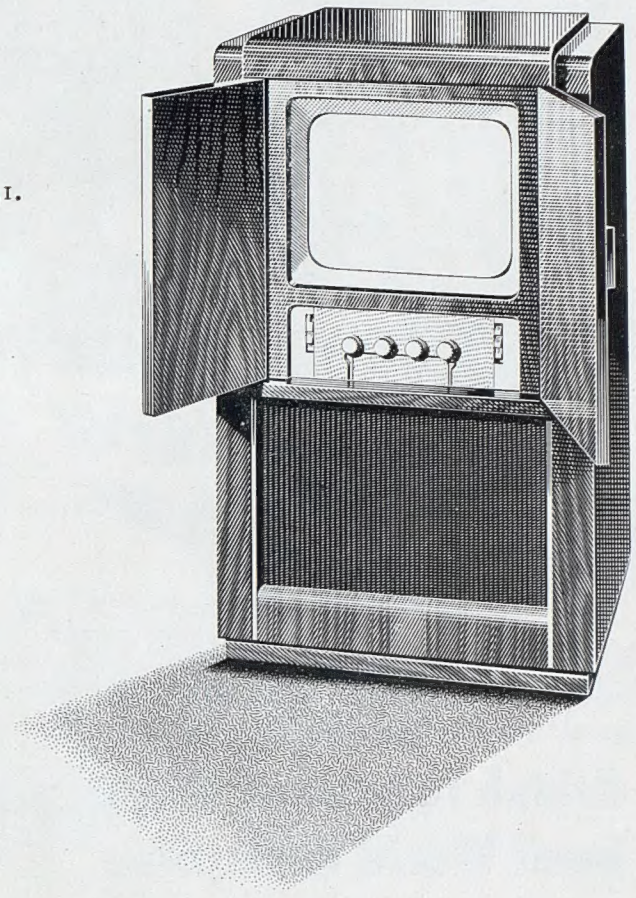

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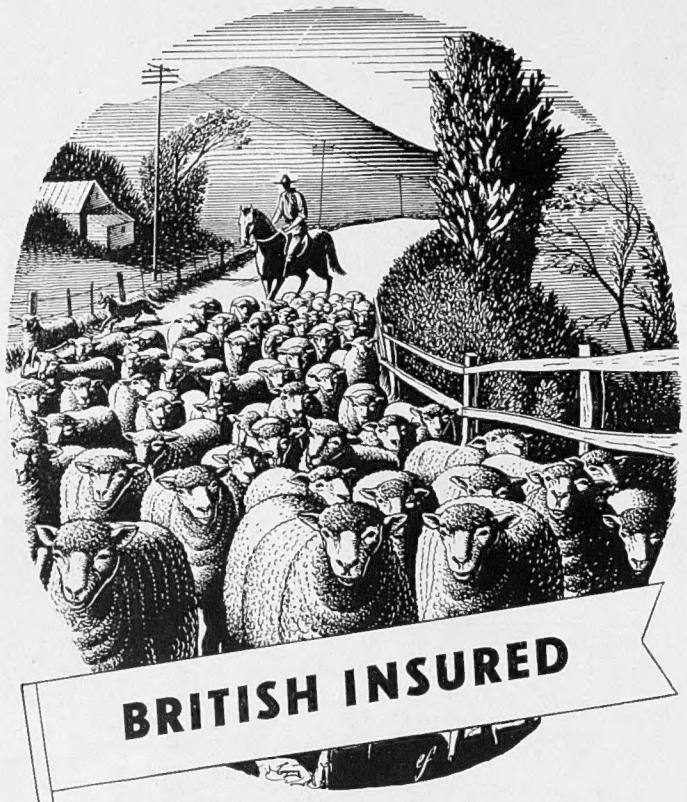

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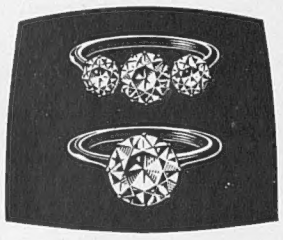

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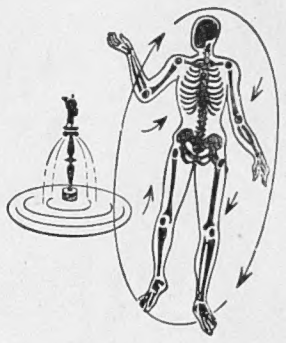

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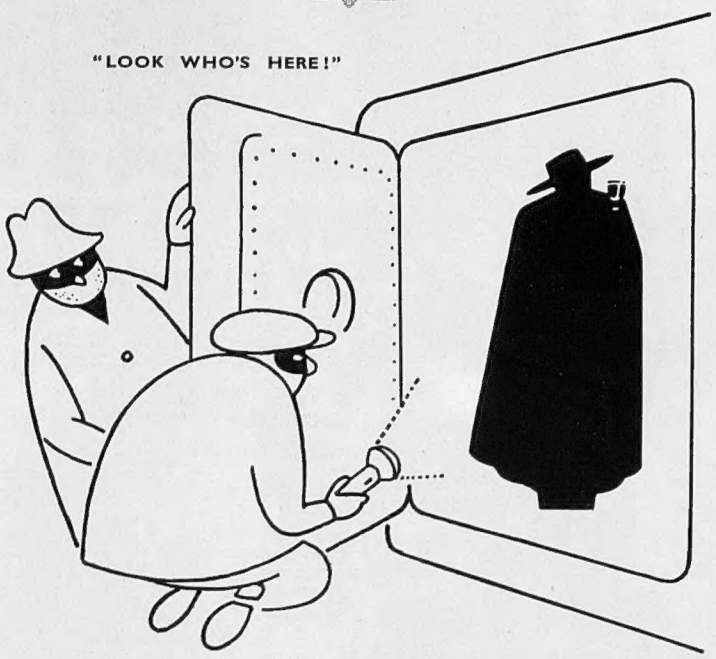

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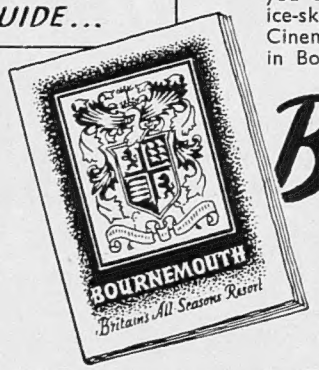

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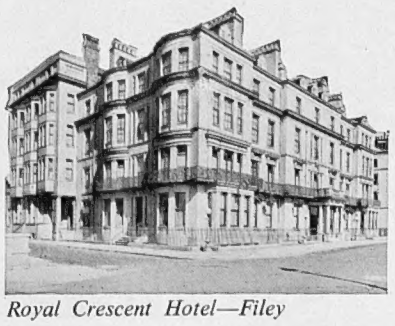

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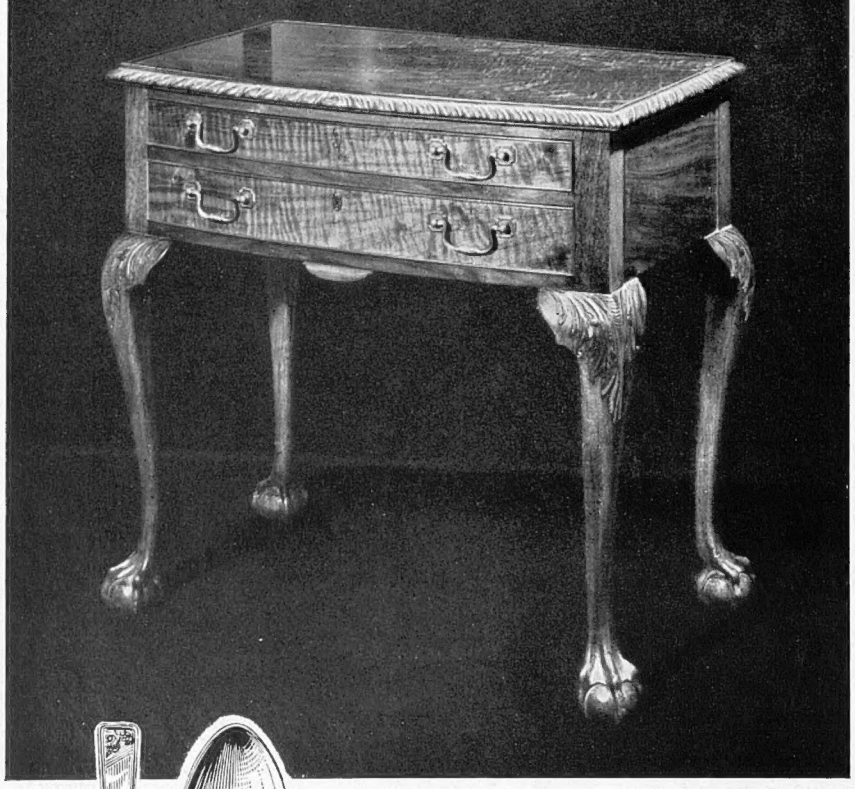

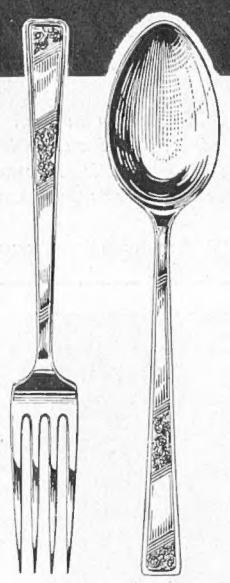

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With stainless blades and ivorine handles :

12 table knives
12 cheese knives
12 fruit or tea knives and forks
1 pair meat carvers
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With silver-plated blades and ivorine handles :

12 pairs fish knives and forks

Best silver plate :

12 table forks
12 dessert forks
12 teaspoons
12 coffee spoons
12 egg spoons
6 serving spoons
12 soup spoons
12 dessert spoons
12 fruit salad spoons
12 fruit salad forks
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Volume CCIX No. 2728 The SPHERE, London, May 24, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE "UNITED STATES" RUNS HER SEA TRIALS—THE AMERICAN SUPER-LINER OF 51,500 TONS WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE EXCEEDED MORE THAN 32 KNOTS AND IS TO MAKE A BID FOR THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE ATLANTIC, NOW HELD BY THE CUNARD-WHITE STAR LINER "QUEEN MARY": During these initial trials the liner had to return to Newport News for adjustments because of overheating of reduction gear bearings in two of her four engines. The 70,000,000-dollar vessel has been designed to carry 2,000 passengers, and the crew will number about 1,000. In wartime she could be converted to carry 14,000 troops.

Vice-Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, chairman of the U.S. Maritime Administration, has declared that he expects the new American liner *United States* to beat any other ocean liner or any large naval vessel in the matter of speed. This is the first direct statement that the new super-liner is going out to capture the Atlantic speed record. Admiral Cochrane made it clear before the trials that he did not intend to disclose the new liner's top speed, noting that some day she might be carrying a division of American troops and an enemy might find such information valuable. American journalists who have been aboard the *United States* when travelling at 30 knots have asserted that she is remarkably free of vibration. Her builders declare that she is the safest passenger vessel ever constructed. The liner is the first of her size to be completely air-conditioned.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE DOOMED CHESTNUT TREES OF MILTON ABBAS

THE LITTLE DORSET VILLAGE, SEVEN MILES SOUTH-WEST OF BLANDFORD, IS TO LOSE ITS GREAT ATTRACTION: The chestnut trees alongside the thatched cottages are to be felled, as they have been found to be in a state of dangerous decay. The reluctant but unanimous decision was taken at a recent meeting in the village hall by the Parish Council and cottage owners. The villagers also proposed that the village street should be replanted with similar species. The big problem confronting the owners is the cost, which has been estimated at between £300-£400. In order to cover this sum they are considering launching a public appeal. The village was built on its present site in 1787, and each cottage had a chestnut-tree planted beside it.

PROGRESS ON THE SOUTH BANK

FLOWER-BEDS TAKE SHAPE ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951: A mid-May scene on the South Bank of the River Thames between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges as landscape artists, horticulturists and construction officials of the L.C.C. Parks Department transform part of the old Festival site into gardens. The Rodney Pier, one of the two piers used during the days of the Festival, has been renamed Festival Hall Pier.

SAVING A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW SEA-WALL AT TORCROSS AT THE SOUTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE SLAPTON SANDS: The wall is being built in an endeavour to save the village from the fate of its former neighbour, Hallsend, which was washed away in 1918. The original sea-wall at Torcross was damaged during heavy winter seas. During the invasion of Normandy in June 1944, Torcross was used as a training-ground for the Services.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Thoughts on Municipal Elections.—

It is not uncommon in England quite soon after the election of a Government that voters begin to wish to change it. Government is never easy and seldom popular these days. Because by-elections are rare and not always trustworthy as "straws in the wind," local elections are often used as pointers. These two are unreliable, since parish pump and personality matters have much to do with results. But when municipal and local elections reveal a landslide, there is something in it and you must closely examine the results. In parliamentary and local elections a very large number of voters spell politics as *pockets*. They ask themselves: how will the results affect me in my pocket? Why is it, I sometimes ask myself, that this narrower view seems chiefly to dominate politics in the factories, mines and crowded and black country areas? Why do we find in the country places in all walks of life a more steady, a broader, a more patient and patriotic state of mind, as though a sense of partnership, a sense of co-operation in something larger than one's own backyard, influenced a man's political thought. Does the clue lie in that sense of partnership, and does the factory- and mine-worker still resist that wider and more liberal stimulus to patriotism and patience and calm thinking? For my part, in a superficial way, I have always wondered why Conservative statesmen, in office or Opposition, have not done more to encourage and earmark for promotion to office good men in industry who, not in management, support their cause, are fit for higher things and could do much to educate their fellows to spell politics as something bigger than a personal pay-packet.

KING GEORGE VI MEMORIAL: INAUGURAL MEETING OF NATION-WIDE REPRESENTATIVES

REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL WALKS OF LIFE IN BRITAIN AND SOME REPRESENTATIVES FROM OVERSEAS ATTEND THE FIRST MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON: From left to right are the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe; the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Attlee; Mr. T. D. Truscott, Alderman and Sheriff; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher; the Deputy Lord Mayor, Sir George Wilkinson; the Minister of Works, Mr. David Eccles; the Lady Mayoress, Lady Boyce; the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand; the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk; the Lord President of the Council, Lord Woolton; Mr. C. J. Harman, Sheriff, and the Leader of the Liberal Party, Mr. Clement Davies. Sir George Wilkinson was acting for the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, who was in hospital. The invitation to attend the meeting was sent out to all Lords Lieutenants of Counties, civic heads in England, Scotland and Wales, and representatives of many other bodies. The meeting authorised the Lord Mayor to appoint an executive committee and sub-committees to give effect to the resolution proposed by Dr. Fisher, that the memorial should take the form of a statue in "some noble setting" in London, "and a philanthropic scheme, yet to be decided, which will benefit the entire country and be associated with the late King's name."

Politics Spelt Pockets.—

I don't think we need, as a result of these local elections, cry out that Mr. Churchill's Government is doomed. I see no reason why it should not carry on for three years, or more, and I admire the courage of Lord Fisher's philosophy when a man believes in trying to carry out an unpopular policy: "Never explain, never apologise." But that won't do in our politics to-day, while the majority remains educated up to reading headlines, but not to serious reflection. The curse of the machine age is as apparent as are its blessings in the drive for larger output. As long as the man who works a robot machine remains a robot in his industry, so long his politics will be shaped to secure for himself the best he can get in his hours of freedom from his dreary, soulless task. With the extinction of craftsmanship went most of the happiness and pride in work and life. The craftsman is a partner in his industry. The robot has no personal interest in his work, save as a means of alleviation when released from it. The best hope of survival for a Conservative party lies in concentrating on the development of partnership in industry and on encouraging and using the workers of its own political views to raise and broaden the conception of politics as a good citizen's duty—to kill the damnable heresy that the word is spelt *pockets*.

Mediterranean Command.—

I never felt that the question of the Mediterranean command would become a first-class row in N.A.T.O. I am not even certain that any Western nation pines for supreme command in any sphere. Greatness is thrust upon this nation or that, partly through a rough international sense of justice—the man who pays the piper calling the tune. Still more, from a feeling that the choice of tune is very difficult and costs a hell of a lot of money and anxiety. The Americans read history and have a very shrewd idea of the value of long training and experience in a particular job. They have heard of Nelson of the Nile and have found the Mediterranean to be a tricky and dangerous and intricate inland sea. The British for 200 years have made an exhaustive study of it and brought off some outstanding scoops in it in battles long ago and not so remote. I doubt whether Truman or Fechteler or the most ardent American national would wish the command in the Mediterranean to pass out of the hands of the heirs of Nelson. It will surprise me if America and the other N.A.T.O. nations do not say to England: "You can *'ave* the Mediterranean."

Brighton as Monte Carlo.—

For my part, I can think of no watering-place more suitable (I do not know Blackpool) for an experiment in casino-promotion than Brighton. It is very large and crowded, and its crowds are distinctly cosmopolitan and look very much like casino patrons. I should vote for any Bill drafted to give Brighton its casino. There will, of course, be violent protests—the Church Committee on Gambling is already in the field. My arguments *pro* the Bill would include: (*a*) A casino can be got at easily by Mr. Bloodsucker. He can draw his rake-off as Monaco does, very profitably. (*b*) A casino might draw off thousands who now gamble in pools, wasting hundreds of tons of paper better devoted to ensuring that a citizen can buy a daily newspaper in a country town, or hotel, without first registering for it or queueing up for a sight of it. (*c*) There is no sense in accepting one form of gambling and fighting another form. If we forever press for higher wages in order to spend more on gambling—we already spend 5 per cent. of our personal income on it—why should we be debarred from spending it at roulette in a public place, which can be easily taxed, rather than do it in our homes under the counter? Much better gamble in public at Brighton or Blackpool or Margate or all three.

Other People's Houses and Gardens.—

If shooting remains my chief autumn and winter recreation, in my declining years my summer recreation is now indulged in seeing other people's gardens, and houses, if open. I am a fanatical supporter of the Gardens Scheme, and can enjoy what I see without jealousy or envy. In my own garden the weeds riot without further protest from me and the roof sags and the ceilings rot in my house unchecked. But other people, living still in quite large houses which I do not covet, can still achieve billiard-table lawns, weedless paths and superbly planted beds and flowering-bordered vistas, and the pleasure they afford me is immense. Sometimes they open their houses to us also, with perhaps a little brochure setting out its history and listing its chief gems. And these extras are cheap at another shilling. Old or new, the history of the house may be English social history back to Elizabeth I, and it sets afoot an armchair hunt for the evening. You may come across an unknown Zoffany conversation piece, bringing together families

established in half-a-dozen counties of England, or an Adam ceiling taken from some London house, embellished by Angelica Kauffman. You find in the South of England treasures of art acquired from Scottish houses, and you are comforted to note that some of these lovely houses are still living homes and, miracle on miracle, are still *house-maided* as in the days of Edward VII. I rejoice without envy. I am doing for my pleasure what John Byng (Lord Torrington) did for his own delight in 1780-90, and I do it far more comfortably. I do not ride out on a sorry hack, nor complain of the food in a dirty inn. I do not see a house in dust-sheets (with the owner living in Florence), nor a neglected garden. The house is embellished for *me* and the owner is my *cicerone* and I come and return home in a comfortable closed car. These are innocent joys and heartening experiences which I recommend to you.

Hampshire Gardens.—In the last few days I have visited some Hampshire gardens, as a change from the more familiar West Sussex beauties. In May the New Forest is itself a glorious garden of great size and variety, and some of Hampshire's gardens are little or great gems set in the larger cluster. Exbury, of course, is as famous as Leonardslee, and is of a vast extent along the banks of the Beaulieu River. Embury, the home of Florence Nightingale, which I chanced to visit on her birthday, was not before known to me, and it is a splendid pageant in May, older and more mature than Exbury, but comparable in its glories. Remarkable also is Furzey at Minstead in the Forest, a comparatively new garden, marvellously carved out and laid out, with dazzling effects. And here I found a tree (scores of it) which was quite new to me and immensely effective. A slender tree with flame-coloured flowers of a honeysuckle type which comes, I think, from Chile and bears the name (how spelt ?) of Embophrium. I hope to live to see it in flower in my own garden, with perhaps one or two of Furzey's remarkable birches, whose trunks are straight as masts and whose bark is pure, unspotted ivory. Furzey is open every day in the week and must reap a harvest for nursing and other causes.

B.B.C.—The Mixture as Before.—I think the Government is right to prescribe "the mixture as before" for the patient (listener) for the next ten years. The patient *can* take it in small doses. His neighbour often wishes he would. Or the patient can forget to take his dose for a week on end. I often do, with advantages. Most of us criticise the programmes; the funny fellows yell too loudly and carry on too long; the party broadcasts are more and more irritating and tiresome; other features are too childish or too heavy. But, on the whole, we are proud of our national broadcasting, preferring it to that of any other country, satisfied that, catering as it must for people of every taste and every stage of education, it is decent, impartial, trustworthy and trust-conscious, trying always to spend its great income for Church and State and for the good of all sorts and conditions which make up the nation. What effect it is having on national character, what still more radical and swift effect television may have on national character, we do not yet know enough to pronounce. I should say that in the last twenty years British broadcasting has greatly increased our superficial education and greatly reduced our opportunities or stimulus to equip ourselves for solid and permanent education—which is, and will always be, learning by practice to dig out knowledge for ourselves from life and books.

Bench to Bar.—It is understood that two High Court Judges—Sir T. Donovan and Sir G. Lloyd Jacob—have approached the Lord Chancellor with a view to relinquishing the ermine for the gown. The Lord Chancellor, if he search for precedents, will search in vain. It is a new thing, I believe, among High Court judges, though magistrates have resumed their practices. Both these judges were specialists, both probably earned and could still earn fees thrice the size of their salaries as judges. Their decisions, if rightly reported, will certainly draw more urgent attention to the financial plight of H.M. judges, who still draw in salary what gave them dignity and comfort eighty years ago and now gives them about £2,500 to spend. But the difference between Donovan, J., and Donovan, Q.C., considered in terms of £ s. d. to-day, is not between £5,000 a year and £15,000 a year. *Net*, it is far narrower. It is more nearly between £2,800 and £5,000. A matter of £2,200. And that £2,200 net makes all the difference. When the time comes for Donovan, J., if it ever does come, to rise from the well of the court and bow to the judge and open with, "If your Lordship pleases," it will be interesting to see whether his experience of "the other place" alters his approach to My Lord and his relations with My Lord. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH TOWN

A Visit to Devizes, Market Town of Wiltshire

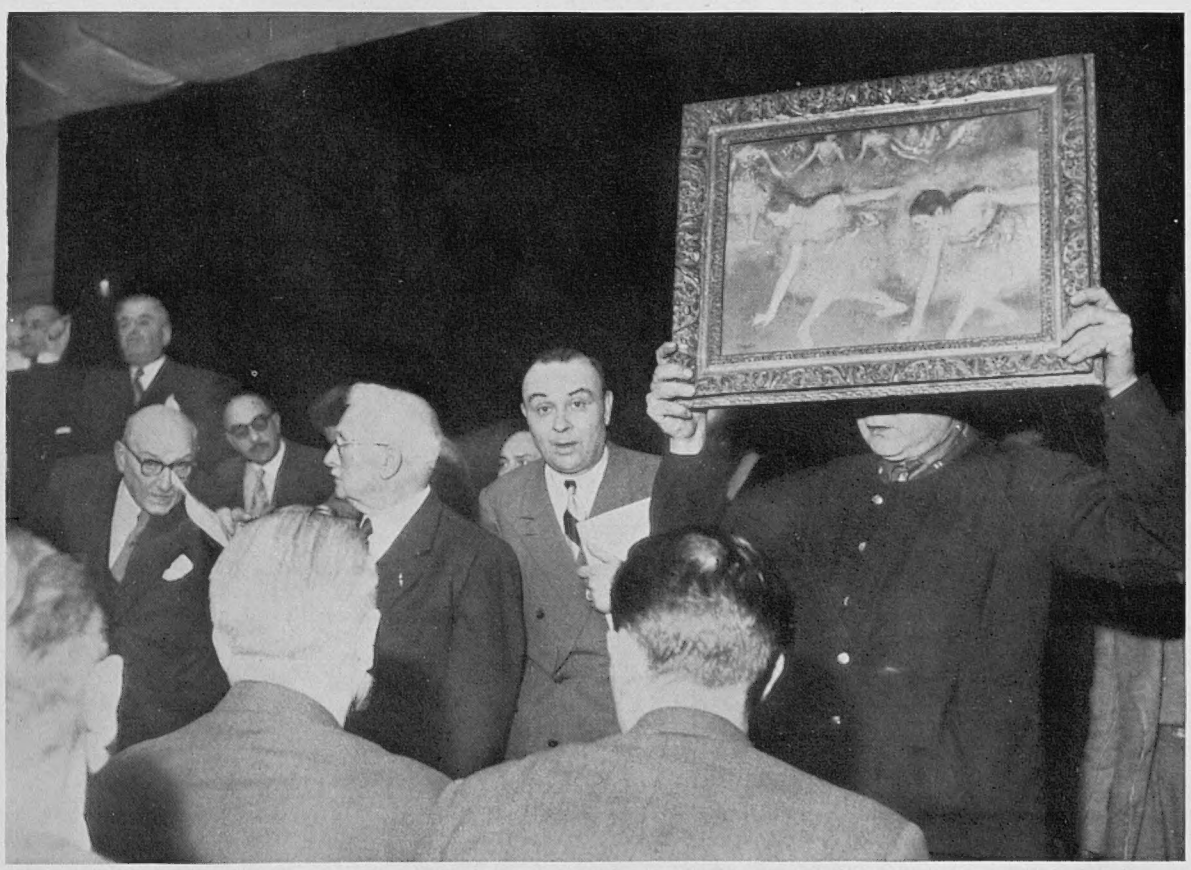
By H. E. BRACEY, M.Sc., Ph.D.

(Research Fellow in Social Studies, University of Bristol) with Illustrations by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

THE SALE IN PARIS OF THE GABRIEL COGNACQ ART TREASURES

A CÊZANNE PAINTING IS HELD ALOFT DURING THE BIDDING AT THE PARIS SALE OF ART TREASURES FROM THE CELEBRATED COLLECTION OF GABRIEL COGNACQ: This painting, a still-life of apples and biscuits, brought the highest price of the day. It was bought for £33,000 by Madame Jeanne Walter, who is seen in the picture *on right* shielding her face from the photographers. The day's sales of sixty-nine paintings brought the unexpectedly high total of about £316,500.

The celebrated Cognacq collection of art treasures was formed by Ernest Cognacq-Jay, founder of the Samaritaine Department Store in the last century. At his death he left all his property, including the art collection, to his nephew Gabriel Cognacq, who died in 1951. Gabriel Cognacq was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the French National Museums, but after the war he was dismissed from his post on a charge of collaborating with the Germans. He had bequeathed all his paintings to the Louvre, but in retaliation for what he considered an unjustified penalty he altered his will and made the Cognacq-Jay foundation, a charitable institution, the sole beneficiary of his estate. At the Galerie Charpentier, in Paris, last week the first part of the collection was offered for sale. About 3,000 collectors and dealers from America and Europe flocked to the sale, but in spite of heavy competition most of the items went to French buyers. The Louvre and other French museums did not buy, as prices were considered too high. Applause greeted the appearance of the two Cézanne paintings. The landscape of trees and houses went to a New York dealer for £20,000, and Madame Jeanne Walter, widow of a famous dealer of the '30's, bought the still-life of apples and biscuits for £33,000, the highest price of the day. Among other high prices were £22,000 and £19,000 for two Renoirs of young girls and £16,500 for an unfinished Van Gogh, "The Thistles." A tax of about 20 per cent. must be added to all these figures.



DEGAS' "DANSEUSES SALUANT" GOES FOR £10,500 AT THE GABRIEL COGNACQ SALE: Collectors and dealers from all over Europe flocked to the Galerie Charpentier for the sale, which had received wide publicity. So crowded was the scene that many prospective buyers could hardly fight their way in, and only three hours were required to disperse the sixty-nine lots. Most of the paintings were nineteenth-century and the sale has been described as one of the most historic of our generation. Active bidding by British buyers was one of the reasons for the high prices.

With the American Air Force at the North Pole

THE FIRST LANDING BY PLANE AFTER A FLIGHT FROM THE ICE ISLAND T 3.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD: Here, surrounded by thousands of miles of desolate Arctic pack-ice, this C 47 plane of the Alaskan Air Command, United States Air Force, sits at the geographic North Pole after landing on May 3, 1952. The ten-man U.S. Air Force party remained on the ice for three hours and ten minutes in order to collect dirt-bearing ice samples and other scientific data. It is possible that a semi-permanent weather station may be established near the Pole.

THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT OF THE C 47 WHICH MADE THE HISTORIC FLIGHT TO THE GEOGRAPHIC NORTH POLE EARLIER THIS MONTH: Lieut.-Colonel William P. Benedict (left) and Lieut.-Colonel Joseph O. Fletcher (right). Fletcher is organiser and commander of the Alaskan Air Command special weather station and scientific expedition on T 3, the floating ice island where the Americans established a base on March 19. It was from T 3 that the flight to the Pole took place. In the war Benedict flew Spitfires in the Canadian Air Force.

The United States has built a military airfield near the North Pole on a site in Northern Greenland, and since the spring of this year has operated from three ice islands situated still nearer the Pole. From one of these islands, T 3, Colonel Benedict and nine others made their historic flight to the Pole, landing there on May 3 and remaining just over three hours. Both U.S. Air Force and U.S. Navy expeditions are at present interested in polar research, and these projects are running the Federal Government into very large expenditure, most notably on wages. Skilled mechanics working in the Arctic are receiving wages of £6,000 a year, while labourers on the Greenland base are paid £4,500 a year.

The occupation of the floating ice island of T 3, starting-point of Colonel Benedict's flight, has not been without its dramatic incidents, the most disturbing being when the crew of twelve of a U.S. Navy plane were stranded through engine failure. Captain Erhart, of the 10th Rescue Squadron, had to fly in to T 3 and take the men to safety.

OLD GLORY RISES ABOVE THE NORTH POLE—MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE EXPEDITION AFTER THEIR HISTORIC FLIGHT IN A SKI-EQUIPPED C 47: *Left*—Raising the American flag on the top of an oil-drum monument. *Right*—Nine of the ten members of the expedition posing in front of the monument. In the group are Airman First Class Robert Wishard, Master-Sergeant Edison Blair, Fritz Ahl (an Alaskan bush pilot), Dr. Albert P. Crary, geophysicist; Lieut.-Colonel William Benedict, the pilot; Staff-Sergeant Harold Turner, Robert Cotell, assistant to Dr. Crary; 1st Lieutenant Herbert Thompson (kneeling in front of Lieut.-Colonel Benedict) and Lieut.-Colonel Joseph O. Fletcher. Fletcher removed his parka for this photograph to show the sweater which his wife had knitted especially for this expedition.

THE FLOATING ICE ISLAND T 3 FROM WHICH LIEUT.-COLONEL BENEDICT LAUNCHED HIS AERIAL EXPEDITION AGAINST THE NORTH POLE: T 3, together with T 1 and T 2, have been established as temporary weather bases by the American Air Force. A three-man scientific party was left on T 3 on March 19, but on one memorable week-end the population of the ice island consisted of twenty men and a dog. *Inset on left*—Scientist Robert Cotell using a gravity meter to record the earth's gravitational pull during his visit to the North Pole from T 3.

IN THE STEPS OF ADMIRAL PEARY: Members of the United States Air Force Expedition which landed the first plane at the North Pole scored another success when they found the site of Cape Columbia, the spot from which Admiral Peary set out for the Pole and to which he returned after reaching the Pole in 1909. *Left*—Colonels Benedict and Fletcher examining a signpost built by Peary's party in 1906. Three years later, after five failures, Peary reached the Pole, which is 413 miles from this marker. On the *right* is a cache of four wood metal boxes under a tripod of broken sled runners, another reminder of Peary's occupancy of the site at Cape Columbia.

Inside A Five-Man Submarine

NEW PICTURES OF THE BRITISH MIDGET WHICH IS ONE OF OUR MOST POTENT NAVAL WEAPONS

Jane's Fighting Ships records the existence of four British submarines of the X.E. class, and it is these vessels which are to train with the North Atlantic Treaty Forces. The first reference to Britain's use of midget submarines was contained in an Admiralty announcement in the autumn of 1943, when it became known that the midgets, operating 1,000 miles from a British base, delivered an attack on the main units of the German Navy in their protected anchorages in Alten Fjord, North Norway, in latitude 70 degs. north, lying some fifty miles inland from the open sea, and approached by three narrow fjords nowhere more than two miles wide. This was, indeed, a major triumph, for subsequent aerial reconnaissance pictures showed the *Tirpitz* surrounded by repair craft and heavy tracts of oil under the waters of Alten Fjord. Since those days the Royal Navy has steadily developed the midget submarine, and there is no doubt that by the end of hostilities the British technique with midgets was far ahead of that of the Japanese, who used such craft both at Pearl Harbour and in an attack on Sydney, where four of them were destroyed. Britain's latest development, the X.E. class, illustrated on these pages, is a closely-guarded secret, and few details are announced either of performance or of striking power.

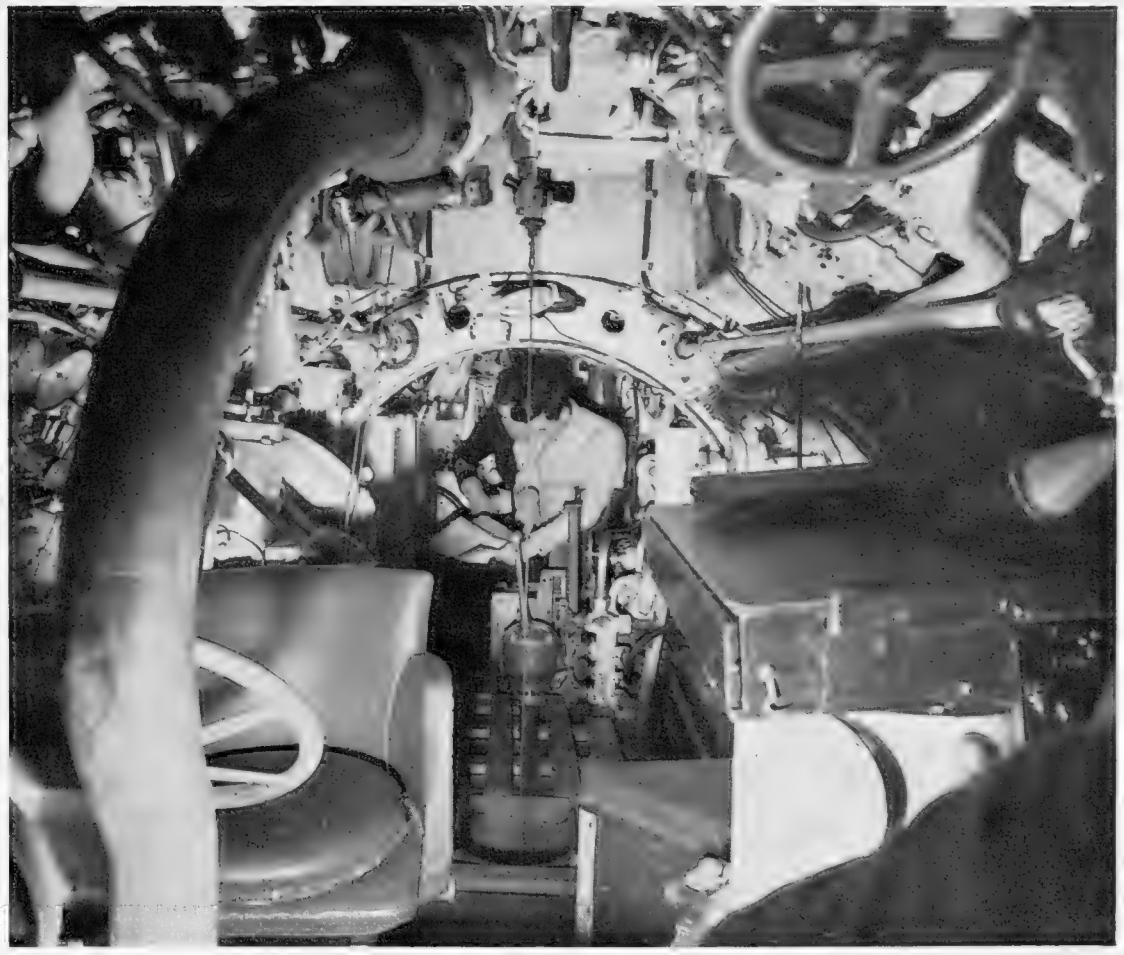
THE X.E.8 CRUISES OFF PLYMOUTH : The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant H. T. Verry, R.N. (right), and the First-Lieutenant, Lieutenant M. C. M. Smith, R.N., at their surface stations aboard one of Britain's midget submarines which have been detailed to take part in the naval exercises of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. The midget submarine has no conning tower. A helmsman, an electrician and a stoker are other members of the submarine's five-man crew.

THE X.E.8 BREAKS SURFACE : The midget submarine emerging from the depths during operations off the South Coast near Plymouth, preparatory to exercises with the North Atlantic Treaty Forces.

IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE'S ENGINE ROOM : *Left*—Lieutenant M. C. M. Smith, R.N., First-Lieutenant of the X.E.8, controlling the craft's diving gear. He is responsible for trimming and for the depth of dives. *Right*—The Stoker Mechanic, another member of the five-man crew, attends to his engines. The craft is driven by Diesel power on the surface and electricity when submerged. The total length of the midget submarine is 53 ft. The displacement is 34 tons.

THE COMMANDER OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE LOOKS THROUGH HIS PERISCOPE: Lieutenant H. T. Verry, R.N., within the X.E.8 when submerged. Beyond him on the right at the helm is Leading Electrician M. O. Skelton, who is engaged in the operation of the electric motors by which the submarine travels when submerged.

THE FORWARD BATTERY COMPARTMENT OF BRITAIN'S MIDGET SUBMARINE: Some of the boards are removed to show the batteries. On the left is the only bunk in the craft.



LOOKING AFT IN THE MIDGET SUBMARINE: *Left*—The Commander at his periscope. Just beside him is the chart table, and in the foreground is the helmsman's seat. *Right*—The Commander and his First-Lieutenant consulting together beyond the central bulkhead. The majority of members of the five-man crews are volunteers, but a few men with specialised knowledge have been drafted to the service, which since 1943 has come to be regarded as of special importance.

THE 85TH BIRTHDAY OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

Who was Born at Kensington Palace, on May 26, 1867

QUEEN MARY IN HER EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR : This picture of her Majesty was taken last January on her return from Sandringham to London, shortly before the death of King George VI. Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace in 1867, being known as Princess Mary of Teck.

QUEEN MARY AS DUCHESS OF YORK—HER MAJESTY WITH HER YOUNG FAMILY IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA : On the left is Prince Edward (later Edward VIII and now Duke of Windsor). On the right is the late King George VI (then Prince Albert), and Queen Mary is holding her daughter Princess Mary (now the Princess Royal).

QUEEN MARY WHEN PRINCESS OF TECK : She was at first betrothed to the Duke of Clarence, but after his death at the beginning of 1892, she was betrothed in 1893 to H.R.H. the Duke of York, then the heir presumptive.

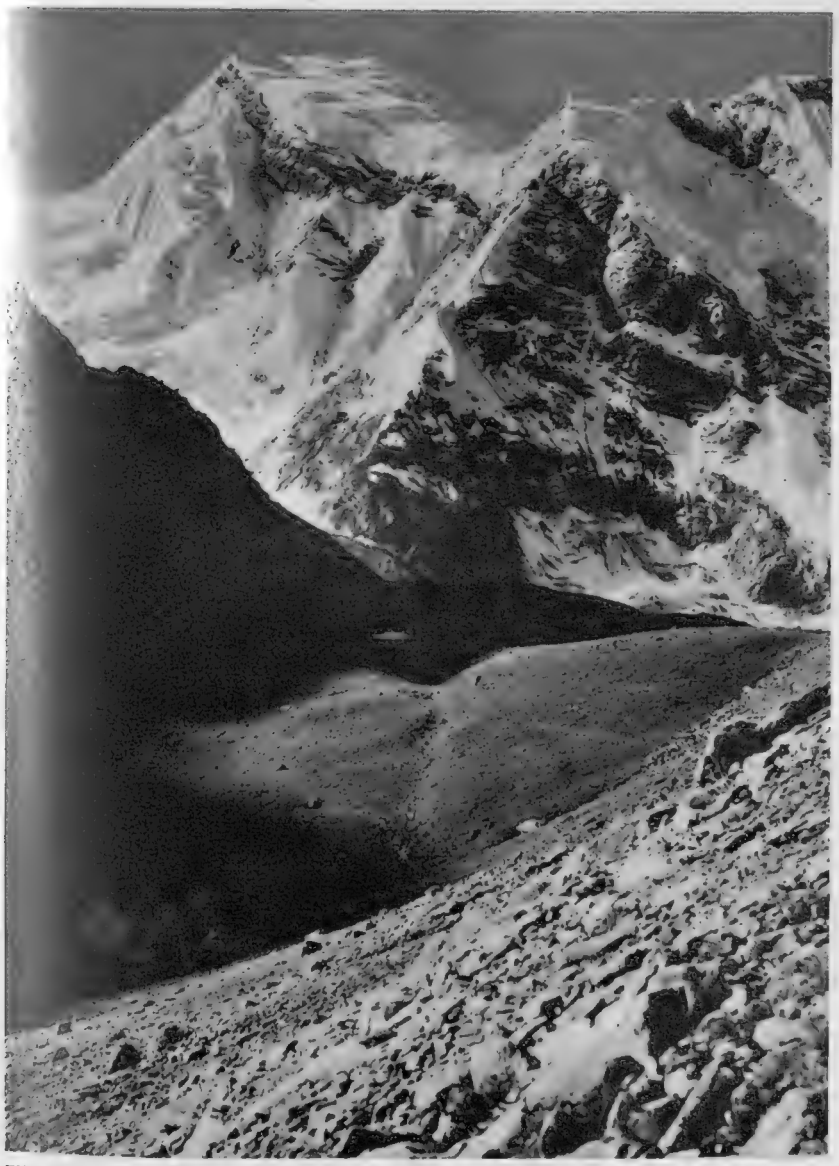
THE FIRST YEARS OF THE REIGN : King George V with Queen Mary aboard H.M.S. *Medina* during the Durbar tour of 1912. They journeyed out to India towards the end of 1911 and their formal entry into Delhi evoked the most remarkable scenes of loyalty.

LOOKING FROM A CAMP ON UJA TIRCHE TO THE PEAKS OF TIBET, SEEN BEYOND THE CLOUDS FILLING THE VALLEYS : In his article on the Scottish Himalayan Expedition, Tom Weir describes the dramatic ascent of Uja Tirche, one of the great peaks of India's forbidden corner.

EXPLORING INDIA'S FORBIDDEN CORNER

The Region of the Central Himalaya, Where the Borders of Tibet, Nepal and India Come Face to Face—The Wonders of Garhwal and Almora

By TOM WEIR, of the Scottish Himalayan Expedition



THE PEAK OF CHAUDHARA RISING ABOVE THE RALAM PASS : The pass is a difficult route between two main trade routes in the Central Himalaya. The pass rises to 18,500 ft. and the surrounding peaks to about 21,000 ft. A close examination of this picture shows coolies traversing the pass with their loads.

No European is now allowed across the "Inner Line," the name given to a great arc where the borders of Tibet, Nepal and India come together. Cambridge explorers were refused permission this year, and it seems unlikely, with tension on the India-Tibet border, that this area will be reopened in the immediate future. Thanks to the recent Scottish Himalayan Expedition, photographs of this region of the Central Himalaya are reproduced in this special feature. They are the work of D. Scott and Tom Weir, who joined in the expedition with Messrs. Murray and McKinnon.

THE hopes of two parties of explorers, one French, the other British, were dashed when India refused to grant "Inner Line" passes for the regions of Garhwal and Almora, in the Central Himalaya, an area described by Dr. Longstaff, the noted explorer, as being the most beautiful in the whole 1,500-mile-chain, which extends from Afghanistan to Burma. There are more peaks unnamed and unclimbed in the Himalaya than those named or climbed. Everest, although the highest, is a mere dot in this most tremendous tangle of mountain peaks.

The territories of Garhwal and Almora lie roughly in the centre of the range, where a great angle is formed by the boundaries of Tibet, West Nepal and India; and its attraction to explorers is, that it is a country where travel, even below the tree line, is difficult. There are no 28,000-ft. giants in the territory. The two highest peaks, Nanda Devi (25,645 ft.) and Kamet (25,447 ft.), have been climbed, but the whole country is cut by precipitous gorges gouged out of jagged peaks rising to 20,000, 22,000 and 23,000 ft. It is the ideal terrain for a light, mobile party, capable of skirmishing on technically difficult mountains, rather than laying a siege. Its charm is that extreme beauty and extreme savagery are compressed as nowhere else in the world. The flowering alps have to be seen to be believed.

TOM WEIR : The author of the accompanying article, with his Himalayan beard.

When four of us called ourselves the Scottish Garhwal Expedition, and went there in 1950, we were influenced by Dr. Longstaff, a pioneer of climbing in the area. He told us to travel light, live on a native diet where available, and carry with us only a nucleus of European food, to give variety, and ration us when camping among the snows or in uninhabited country.

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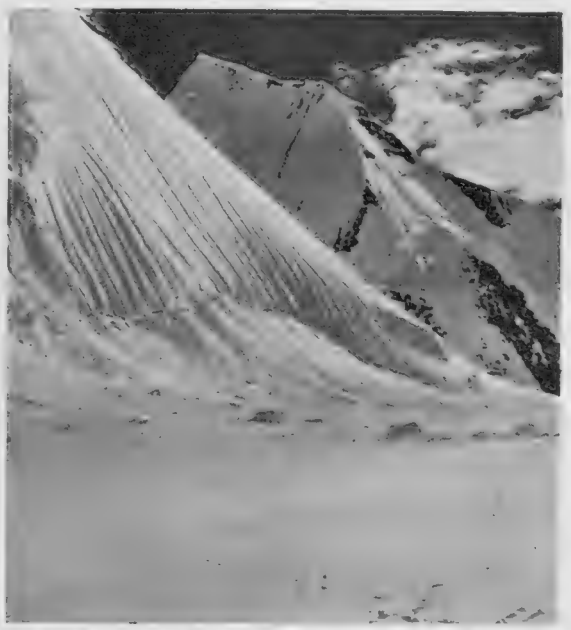


THE PEAK OF PANCH CHULI : It rises to 22,650 ft., its ice grooves like flutings on a lady's satin frock. This view was taken from 19,000 ft. during an unsuccessful assault on the mountain from the North Col.

ABOVE THE RISHI GORGE, LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ALP OF DIBRUGHETA : This place has been described by Dr. Longstaff, its first explorer, as being the most beautiful spot in the Himalaya. The gorge itself is one of the most inaccessible places in the world, as readers of Eric Shipton's *Nanda Devi* will recall.

NANDA DEVI, "THE BLESSED GODDESS," FROM A CAMP ABOVE THE RISHI GORGE : Nanda Devi, standing in a great mountain circle, receives the full fury of the winter cyclones and the summer monsoons which beat against the Central Himalaya, India's forbidden land. A higher mountain has been climbed, Anapurna, but the ascent of Nanda Devi ranks as one of man's greatest conquests in mountaineering.

EXPLORING INDIA'S FORBIDDEN CORNER

(*Continued from previous page*)

After the first days of acclimatisation, Himalayan travel was a joyful revelation. Striking camp to the first glint of the sun, the air fresh and cool, the forests of the foothills alive with singing birds. Then a climb up through bamboo and flowering rhododendron to the crest of a ridge, to look down into a gorge thousands of feet deep. Rising above the gorge, snow peaks, 20,000 ft. high, rising sheer in front. By this time the sun would be high and glistening on incredible ice-walls seeming to drop straight into jungle.

Our first hundred miles' marching was over such ridges, each wave drawing us closer to the snow peaks we wanted to climb, till at last we were faced with the Rishi Gorge, a gigantic box canyon with walls 6,000 ft. sheer. No human being has yet forced a way through its lower chasm. We gained its heart by a cunning route found by Dr. Longstaff when he made his first exploration.

With us we had eighteen coolies from Nepal, Dotials who carried 60 lb. each, and despite that load they climbed superbly over a country that literally tore the pants off them. The walls of the gorge were hung with prickly shrubs. Going was slow, five hours for under a mile one day.

We failed to climb our first mountains. We got to 18,000 and 19,000 ft. on two peaks, then beat a retreat over to the Dauli Valley, one of the great trade routes to Tibet. We followed its narrow ledge cut out of the cliffs, and marvelled that men could use such a route.

It was June and the track was thronged with sheep and goats, each beast carrying little saddle bags. The herds were Bhotias, the half-Tibetan people who live on this wild fringe of the Tibet border. Their strange pack animals were loaded with grain and rice, destined for Tibet across the Niti Pass at 16,000 ft.

MAKING THE PASSAGE OF THE GIRTHI GORGES : Porters and laden goats assisting members of the Scottish Himalayan Expedition, when making the second recorded passage of these gorges which have only once previously been traversed by a European; in 1893. As coolies were in short supply the goats, each carrying 24 lb. of grain, were a great asset to the party.

We feel a lively concern for the future of the Bhotias, for we had much to do with them in the next few months, and found them delightful men, hard carriers and hard travellers. They have to be, for they get their living by trade across the Himalayas, exchanging Indian grain, rice, manufactured goods, for salt, borax, carpets or Tibetan gold.

Now in June many families were moving with all their household goods to occupy the highest villages. At the end of the trading season, in autumn, they would desert the heights to forgather at traditional fair grounds to trade the season's wares, and buy goods for the following year. Most Bhotia tribes have two or three houses at different levels, each being occupied according to the season of the year. They treat their women as partners rather than drudges.

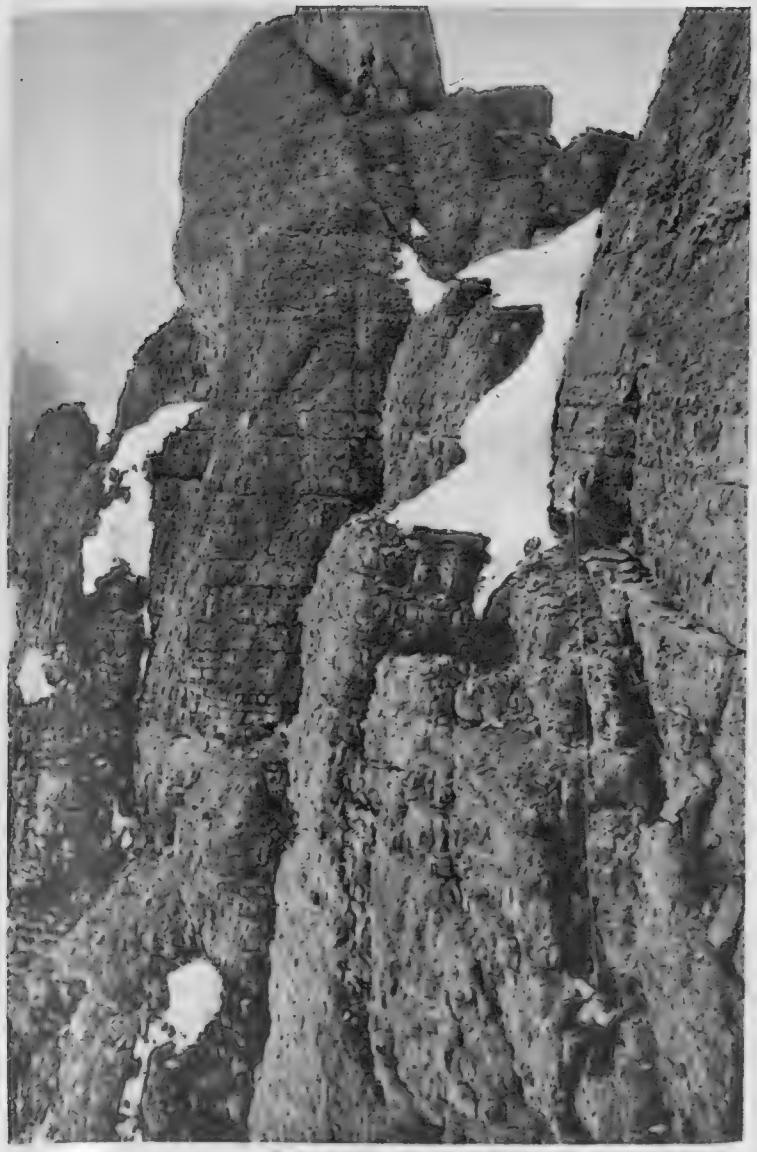
It is because of tension on the Tibet-India border that no "Inner Line" passes are being granted to explorers. The step is perhaps wise, because the whole way of life of the Bhotias is dependent on free passage across the Himalayas.

The area we chose to concentrate on for our explorations lay between the three great trade routes which pivot on the rim of the Nanda Devi Basin. Between these ravines were clusters of unknown mountains. We had tried the Rishi, now we moved in mid-June to a wild horseshoe of peaks in uninhabited country. Nothing was known of the gorges we were in, and two successful ascents of minor rock peaks around 17,000 ft. stimulated us to try the ice ridge of Uja Tirche, 20,350 ft.

For us the climb was an epic. Our base was at 13,000 ft. Camp 2 was pitched above the Girthi Gorge overlooking Tibet at 17,400 ft. Above us were pinnacles, huge weird shapes which we would need to find a way through to reach the

STRIKING CAMP IN THE VICINITY OF THE ASTONISHING PEAK OF CHANGABANG : This mighty tooth of granite is one of the wonders of the Central Himalaya. In the foreground are two of the porters who accompanied the Scottish Himalayan Expedition.

THE PEAK OF UJA TIRCHE TOWERING TO 20,350 FT. : It offers a hard climb even by Alpine standards. The route of the Scottish climbers followed the left-hand ridge, a knife-edge barred by two ice-walls which made necessary rightward traverses.



ROCK HAZARDS ON THE ASCENT OF UJA TIRCHE: The climb was one of high technical difficulty, and was made in eighteen hours from the camp at 17,400 ft.

THE GREAT WEDGE OF KAMET SEEN FROM A CAMP ON UJA TIRCHE, ONE OF THE PEAKS CLIMBED BY THE LATE F. S. SMYTHE: Smythe, in company with Eric Shipton, made the final assault on Everest in 1933. His brilliant record as a Himalayan mountaineer is still fresh in memory. Kamet reaches an altitude of 25,447 ft. in the Central Himalayan massif which lies to the north-west of Nanda Devi and Nanda Kot.

On right—
THE PINNACLES OF UJA TIRCHE: These weird "mountains of the moon" pinnacles have in part been created by the great winds which sweep right across the summits of the Central Himalaya.

ice. Surprisingly, they were passable, and ahead of us was a knife edge sweeping in two tremendous sickles to the summit. At two places, at 19,000 ft. and again at 19,700 ft., ice-walls rose vertically, enforcing sensational traverses on hand- and foot-holds cut in the hard, slippery surface.

It was snowing when, after eight hours' climbing, a narrow blade of snow loomed ahead, the summit. Descent took 9½ hours. Every step demanded care and the ice traverses were treacherous.

None of us will forget the last miracle of day, when clouds that had obscured our vision all day suddenly submerged, isolating us in space above the darkness of valleys where night had already fallen. Facing us across the sky was the mighty wedge of Kamet, an incredible silhouette, black as coal in a clear patch of sky. The immensity of depth, of unearthly space, is something I am never likely to forget.

That was Uja Tirche. We had snatched it from the monsoon, for the rains broke, catching us out in a camp on the snow cornice of another high peak which we called South Lampak Peak. Twice in successive attempts we were pinned down while avalanches thundered each side of us. Providentially, the only place for our camp was safe, and we were glad to escape with nothing more than discomfort.

Then came a highlight, the traverse of the Girthi Gorges. Dr. Longstaff had urged us to try to make a direct passage from the Dauli Valley to the Goriganga, and thus link two of the great trade routes between India and Tibet. It was a happy thought, for it took us through the most splendid ravine we were to see in India. With goats and Malari Bhotias carrying for us, we successfully passed it in six days.

In its passage we saw the starkest rock walls and the thickest carpets of Alpine plants we had ever imagined. That was the glory of it. Hands as well as feet had to be used, and often great chasms yawned below our boot-heels.

From the Goriganga we then crossed to the Darmaganga by the Ralam Pass at 18,500 ft., a superb route taking us close to the Tibet-Nepal border on the third great trade highway.

Then 140 miles through the mountains back to Almora. Our 450-mile journey had taken us through territory over which any possible invasion from the Tibetan side of the Central Himalaya is likely to come. A mobile army of mountaineers could use many of the routes and hold down the territory gained, but no useful purpose could result from it. The real threat to India is the possible closing of the Tibet border and the paralysing of a trade that is vital to the whole of her northern economy. India has sufficient problems on her hands without that one.

WHAT IS THE EXACT HEIGHT OF MOUNT EVEREST?

Some Thoughts on a Long-persisting Controversy Among Himalayan Mountaineers

Controversy regarding the actual height of Mount Everest (still recorded in our geographies as 29,002 ft.) is likely to be revived during the present climbing season, though probably without definite result. The figure, with what Mr. Mantilini would surely have described as "that demnition little digit" at its end, has frequently been disputed; but *The Survey of India*, while quite aware of the divergency of estimates of the height, are also aware of the difficulties in the way of a proper computation. They refuse, therefore, to alter their officially-pronounced figure, and are said to be considerably annoyed that certain Continental geographers have seen fit to do so: 29,149 ft. would seem to be the figure now generally accepted for the mountain's height. Commenting, however, on the question, no less an authority than Brigadier H. J. Couchman, a Surveyor-General of India, quoted in the *Morning Post* in 1933: "As it will never be possible to take a line of spirit-levelling to the top of Everest, its true height can only be obtained when full information is available as to the difference in height between the geoid and adopted spheroid at a point vertically below the summit." The "geoidal height," it should be explained (for it is this that is required), is the height above sea-level if the latter could be extended horizontally to that point. Of the various methods for determining heights, the trigonometrical, which involves the taking of vertical angles with a theodolite, is probably the only practicable one in regard to Everest, because it enables "inaccessible" height (*absit omen!*) to be measured. The others: spirit-levelling, aneroid-reading, hypsometer-reading (or the observation of the boiling-point of water at various altitudes), and the use of the clinometer are, for one or another reason, useless or impracticable.

It may be of interest to recall that Mount Everest was originally located, and provisionally "heighted," by Lieutenant Andrew Waugh, who retired from the Surveyor-Generalship of India as a major-general in 1861, after seventeen years in the appointment. A devoted pupil of Sir George Everest's, he gave his old master's name to the mountain (which otherwise might be known to us as "Mount Waugh"). For a time he had merely classed it, among a number of other Himalayan peaks which he located, as "No. 15." Sir George Everest (1790-1866) is remembered among other things for his work in improving the navigation of the outlets of the Ganges, and for his completion of the Calcutta-Benares telegraph. In 1817 he joined in the great trigonometrical survey of India.

Although that little "2" at the end of Everest's 29,002 ft. is not any more ridiculous than would be a "9," or any other single digit, coming after the impressive "29,000," it does seem so. In the Himalayan foothills one often heard the natives recount legends of both birds and mountains, as, indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, one has heard "mountainy men" in Southern Ireland recount them of their own birds and mountains. A very good legend might be made of the latter's tale about the wren, to fit in aptly with the former's traditions. In Ireland they tell you that the wren is "the King of all Birds" because, when the feathered creation was competing, at the beginning of the world, for the altitude record, he nestled on the eagle's back, and when, at last, his unwitting host, having out-climbed all the others, had reached his limit, the little bird fluttered up a few feet more to win the prize. Kashmiris certainly, if they heard this story, and were told the estimated figure of the mountain's height, would call that 2 *ft.* "The Wren's Record."

Somebody stated the other day that not until a mountaineer stands on the top of Everest, with an aneroid in his hand, will its height be correctly given. But, would it be so? One very much doubts it. Some of the obstacles in the path of true assessment, as quoted in *The Military Engineer in India*, are: the deflection of the plumb-line caused by the attraction of mountain masses (this, in its turn, being counter-affected by the density of the earth's crust beneath the masses); the possible tilting of the surveyor's level; the influence of atmospheric refraction; and the absence of "geoidal" information already referred to. There are others.

Of interest, too, is the theory propounded by many geologists at the present time that, due to the upward expansion of the rock which underlies "the Snowy Range," the peaks are gradually *rising*. Geologically speaking, the Himalayas are so young that this may quite conceivably be the case.

One hopes, however, for the sake of the hardy Swiss and British expeditions who are coping with the Great Adventure, that the process is—temporarily at all events—halted!

P. R. Butler

A HERD OF SWANS AT THE ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY, THE OLDEST GAME PRESERVE IN ENGLAND: There are over 900 swans at Lord Ilchester's famous swannery at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, and they are now busily laying, incubating and protecting their eggs. In this picture Mr. Fred Lexster, who has been assistant swanherd and decoyman at the swannery for many years, is seen with a herd of more than forty of the lovely birds. The Abbotsbury swannery, about eight miles north-west of Weymouth, has been cared for by the Ilchester family for the past four centuries and dates back far beyond that. It is the biggest swannery in Great Britain, and the country around is celebrated the world over as a beauty spot. It was a secret retreat of Pavlova.

NESTING-TIME AT THE GREAT ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY

A PEN SWAN GUARDING HER CLUTCH AT THE ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY: In a week or two the cygnets will hatch and shortly afterwards they will be marked by their owner with a slit on the edge of the webbed foot.

According to tradition, the half-domesticated swans found on rivers, lakes and ornamental ponds in this country are descended from tame swans brought from Cyprus by Richard Cœur de Lion in the twelfth century. The ancients called the swan the Bird of Apollo or of Orpheus, and ascribed to it marvellous musical powers, which it was supposed to exercise in particular as its death approached. In olden days swans were highly regarded in Britain as food, and were served at every important feast. Old books, indeed, are very particular in their directions for roasting them and preparing the proper sauces. Swans feed chiefly on vegetable substances, such as the roots and seeds of aquatic plants, but they also destroy vast quantities of fish spawn, and are consequently great enemies of the angler. They take to the air only with great effort, but they are strong and graceful in flight. It is an unforgettable experience to see a pair of swans, with their long necks stretched rigidly before them, winging through the air on a summer evening. According to the law of England swans are birds-royal. When they are found wild on the sea and on rivers, they are presumed to belong to the Crown, and to steal a marked swan is a felony. The great and ancient swannery at Abbotsbury is known to naturalists and bird-lovers all over the world. At one time there were as many as 7,000 swans there, and though the number has dwindled to 900, it is still the largest swan colony in Great Britain.

GEORGE AND MARGARET—A PAIR OF SWANS AT ABBOTSBURY: While the pen, Margaret, broods on her nest among the reeds, George, the cob, stands guard in the deeper water. Swans are said to pair for life, and George and Margaret have claimed this spot as their nesting-site for thirteen years. They are twenty years old and may have many more years together ahead of them, for swans often live to a great age. As a rule, the pen begins to lay in her second year. The clutches at first contain from three to five eggs, but as the bird grows older she may lay as many as twelve.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, INSPECTING THE 1ST BATTALION THE BLACK WATCH AT CRAIL CAMP, FIFE: Her Majesty visited the Battalion to wish the officers and men God speed prior to their sailing for Korea for active service under the flag of the United Nations. The Battalion was due to set sail last Tuesday.

Last week Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, travelled up to Scotland in a Viking airliner of the King's Flight to fulfil her first public engagement since the death of the King. As Colonel-in-Chief of the Black Watch, she visited Crail Camp, Fife, in order to say farewell to the members of the 1st Battalion before their departure for the Far East. On arrival at the camp, her Majesty was received by the Earl of Elgin and escorted on to the square by officers of the regiment. Following her inspection, the Queen Mother addressed the 500 officers and men, and said: "I am proud to think that the traditions which have made you great are cherished and upheld to-day, and I know well that whatever may face you, you will win new honour for the Black Watch and for Scotland. I wish you all good fortune. May it not be long before peace is restored, and you are again united with all who are dear to you at home." Before leaving for the R.A.F. Station at Leuchars, her Majesty was entertained at luncheon in the officers' mess.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE BLACK WATCH

"Her Majesty the Colonel-in-Chief" Bids Farewell to the Battalion Prior to its Departure for Korea

THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT: Her Majesty in company with the Earl of Elgin, Lord Lieutenant of Fife, and other officers during her visit to Crail Camp.

THE COLOUR PARTY MARCHING ON TO THE SQUARE: In place of the usual diced stockings the officers wore drab hose as the inspection took place during Mourning.

THEY PLAYED SOME OF THE QUEEN MOTHER'S FAVOURITE SCOTTISH AIRS: The Regimental bandsmen preparing for her Majesty's visit to Crail Camp. *On right*—A team of twenty Highland dancers practising at the Queen's Barracks. The regimental silver band and the pipes and drums of the 1st Battalion the Black Watch played Scottish Airs during the Queen Mother's inspection.

EPSOM RACES IN THE 1830's—THE FIELD SWEEPING PAST THE GRANDSTAND: This reproduction from a print by James Pollard engraved by Hunt is reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery. The old style of riding is well exemplified. The picture belongs to the days of Middleton, Bay Middleton and Mameluke, the days of modest crowds and big betting, when the Earl of Jersey and Sir John Shelley were the dominant figures of the Turf.

THE DERBY, A Special "Sphere" Feature

RIDING TO VICTORY IN THE DERBY

Some of the Difficulties Confronting Horse and Rider in this Most Exacting of Classic Races

After the recent race for the 2,000 Guineas, the first of the Classics, it seemed that nothing could stand up to the French invasion in the Derby of 1952, and six French horses were actually occupying the first eight places in the Derby betting, headed by Silnet and Thunderhead II, the 2,000 Guineas winner, both from the Chantilly stable of Etienne Pollet. Last Sunday, in the Prix Hocquart, a race over 1 mile 4 furlongs at Longchamp, the Derby situation underwent a swift and dramatic change. Silnet was soundly beaten by Auriban (not engaged in the Derby) and by Worden II, which ran only modestly in the Guineas. The result of this race was that known form appeared to be upset, and many followers of racing on this side of the Channel, while respecting the French challenge, began to take the view that all was not lost on Epsom Downs. In fact, the Derby of 1952 looked to be one of the most open of modern times, with at least two likely stayers in Summer Rain (winner of the Chester Vase) and Tulyar (winner of the Ormonde Stakes) taking their place in the betting picture, together with Titanium, likely mount of Gordon Richards.

In this special SPHERE *feature dealing with the Derby, John Hislop, who as an amateur rider has ridden in races over the Derby course, and Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald deal with varying aspects of the great race past and present, while Juliet McLeod contributes a series of drawings of Derby incidents. Mr. Hislop's article stresses in particular the exacting nature of the course, and the demands of the occasion upon horse and rider.*

By JOHN HISLOP

DRAWINGS BY JULIET McLEOD

IT would probably be safe to say that the mile-and-a-half course at Epsom, over which the Derby is run, is one of the most difficult to ride of any in the world. Though it is many years since amateurs were permitted to ride against professionals on the flat, and the opportunity has therefore been denied the writer, or any other amateur, of even attempting to emulate the feat of the late Sir G. Thursby, who finished second in the Derby in successive years on John o' Gaunt and Picton, the running of an amateur's race every year over the identical Derby course enables one to glean some idea of what it is like to ride in the Derby itself, even if the experience has never been tasted.

The race, however, is by no means the only aspect of the Derby—in the case of a few horses it is possibly the least important—for the circumstances of the occasion are such that a horse's chance can be made or marred before he even reaches the course, since the preliminaries to the event are a severe strain on a horse's nervous system, and a jockey's anxiety to get his horse to the post cool and calm is sometimes greater than the exigencies of the contest itself.

THE DERBY COURSE: This special sketch-map by Leslie S. Haywood shows the nature of the course, with its uphill stretch from the starting-post, the long descent to Tattenham Corner and beyond, and the final rise to the winning-post. After leaving the Paddock the runners have to pass through a great throng of spectators lining the lane leading to the start.

For the jockey, Derby day starts early. By about 7 a.m. he will usually be on the course to ride his horse in the final training pipe-opener before the race. Nowadays, this is seldom more than a sharp canter, probably round Tattenham Corner, in order to accustom the horse to this feature of the track. Occasionally, in the case of a very gross horse, he may be sent a further distance, or, conversely, if the horse is of a delicate constitution, he may not be worked at all, but will only be led out or ridden at a walk for half-an-hour, which being so, the jockey may choose to stay in bed. This early morning encounter is the last he will see of the horse until he meets him again in the parade ring before the race.

The Derby is the third race on the card. It is preceded by a sprint handicap and a race for two-year-olds, and it is probable that a number of the jockeys riding in the Derby will be taking part in either or both. Unless he has had to waste very severely, when he would probably prefer to keep all his energy for the great event, particularly if he is riding a fancied candidate, a jockey prefers to have a ride in one of these races to sitting about and watching them. Riding takes one's mind off the worries of an important race, improves one's physical well-being and, if it results in victory, gives a jockey an extra spice of confidence in the feeling that this is his lucky day.

After riding in the second race, he will weigh out for the Derby, hand his saddle to the trainer or the latter's travelling lad or assistant, and wait until the bell rings for the jockeys to leave the dressing-room to come out for the race. If he has not ridden in the second race, it is possible that he will be called upon by the trainer to weigh out a little earlier, for the latter may have more than one runner in the race, and in view of the long walk from the weighing-room to the paddock, the more time at his disposal the better.

Though there is virtually no risk in riding in the Derby, as compared to riding in the National, the responsibility of the jockey is in many ways greater. So far as the value of the winner is concerned, the difference between defeat and victory may mean £50,000, and the slightest error of judgment or riding may cost a jockey his career; for not only is it possible for every yard of the race to be followed—the mist which so often obscures much of the National is virtually unknown at Epsom in June, and even heavy rain is only a partial camouflage, since the professional racegoer recognises a jockey as much by his style as by the colours he happens to be wearing but also criticism on the flat is more stern and unforgiving than it is over fences. Thus, it is not surprising that there is often a certain tenseness about the faces of even some of the leading jockeys as they file out of the weighing-room and crowd into the two or three cars provided to take them down the course to the paddock.

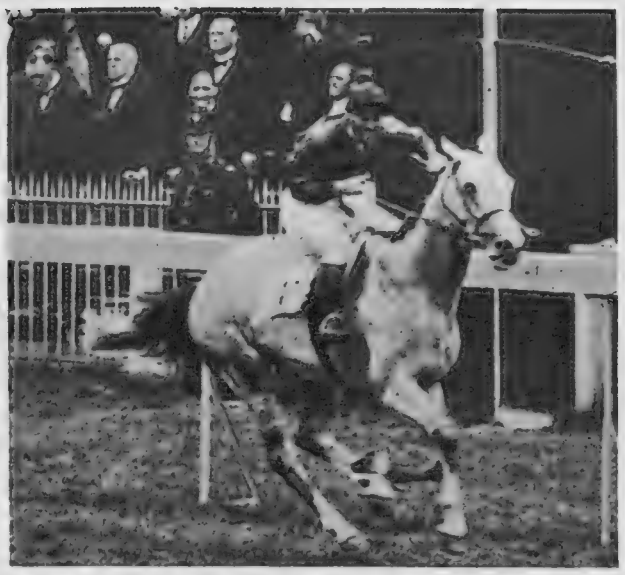
In the parade ring, the jockey will look anxiously for the horse he is riding, noting his appearance and demeanour, and observing with dismay any signs of nervousness or over-excitability, for the severest test of temperament is yet to come. This begins when the jockeys mount and file out in order on to the course for the parade past the stands.

From the moment of leaving the paddock, horses and riders find themselves walking through a vast, dense, shouting crowd of humanity, separated from them only by the rails which enclose the course. Above this din can be heard the blare of merry-go-round music, the noise of loud-speakers, and every shade of sound emanating from a holiday fair. The ordeal is made worse for a fancied horse or popular jockey, as each section of the crowd begins to cheer lustily as they approach, and a highly-strung horse, from leaving the paddock as cool as a cucumber, can be black with sweat before he is half-way to the point at which he must turn round and canter back. There is little a jockey can do, except talk soothingly to him, rest his hand on the horse's neck, or give him an occasional gentle pat and hope for the best.

At the end of the stands the horses turn round and canter back into the paddock, one by one. After this, they walk out of the paddock at the far end, making their way through a narrow, roped-off lane to the starting-gate. This is in many ways a repetition of the parade, for the ropes are almost as crowded with spectators as the rails of the course, the noise and cheering nearly as loud and as strong.

Eventually they reach the starting-gate, the roll is called, the field is pronounced as being under starter's orders, and horses and riders move up in line to the gate, taking the places allotted to them in the draw, the small numbers on the left, the high numbers on the right, as they face the gate.

The first peculiarity of the course to confront a jockey is that, from the start, the track runs away to the right, up a gradient which is considerably steeper than appears from the stand, and beginning after about a furlong to veer to the left. This means that horses drawn on the inside stand a good chance of being cut off at the first bend by those on their right, while those drawn on the outside are going a longer way to the first bend than are the horses drawn in the middle. Thus, wherever he is drawn, a jockey has to face two problems: that of keeping position, and of not exhausting his horse too soon. It is impossible to make any hard-and-fast rules. Everything depends upon the qualities of the horse, and upon circumstances, and it is the rider who can, in a fraction of a second, weigh up these factors in the first few strides after he has left the gate, and can take the right action, who makes the good Derby jockey.



MAHMOUD'S DERBY: The Aga Khan's famous grey (with Smirke in the saddle) passing the post to register his great victory in 1936. John Hislop comments in his article on the brilliant tactics employed in Mahmoud's win.

After the first 2 furlongs, the course is more or less level for about 3 furlongs, though the whole time it curves more and more to the left, the sharpness of the bend increasing as the ground starts to run downhill. About 4 furlongs from home the steepness of the hill reaches its height, and the sharp bend into the straight known as Tattenham Corner begins. Once into the straight, the ground continues to slope downwards, but less and less steeply, until in the last 100 yards it runs quite sharply uphill to the winning-post. All the way from Tattenham Corner to the winning-post the track has a slight lateral tilt towards the inside rails. From this it will be realised that for a horse to be able to gallop well at Epsom, he must be particularly well-balanced and handy.

For many years it was the custom in almost every race of a mile or longer for jockeys to ride the greater part at a comparatively slow rate, coming with a sharp run about 2 furlongs from home. With the introduction of the American method of riding the fashion gradually changed, and when that superb rider, the late Steve Donoghue, was at his height it was generally considered that a jockey could not win a Derby unless he was in the first two or three all the way.

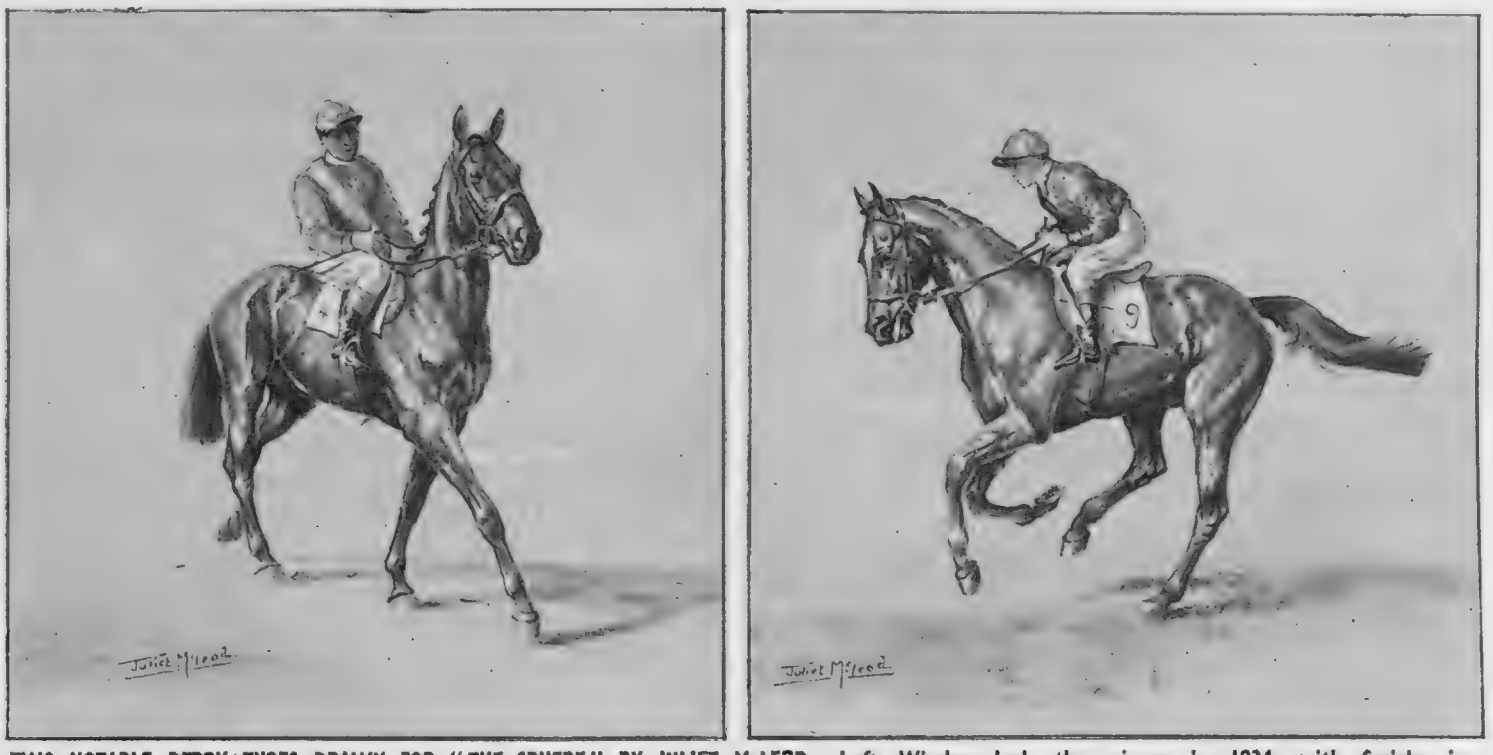
STEVE DONOGHUE, THE COURSE SPECIALIST: The celebrated jockey winning on Captain Cuttle in 1922. In Donoghue's day most jockeys believed it was essential to hold a leading place throughout the race. Since then Wragg, Smirke, Fox and Johnstone have demonstrated other tactics.

Generally speaking, this vogue lasted until 1928, when the theory was exploded by that master tactician, Harry Wragg, who came from behind to win on Felstead. In this race, the brilliant but excitable Fairway started favourite, only to dissipate his chances through the inability of his nerves to stand up to the ordeal of the parade and walk to the starting-gate, while Charlie Elliott on Flamingo and Gordon Richards on Sunny Trace cut each other's throats trying to repeat the forcing tactics which Donoghue had so successfully employed in the past, and which Elliott himself had used with such happy results the previous year on Call Boy. From then on, jockeys began to realise that victory in the Derby depended far more upon the particular qualities of the horse they were riding, and the circumstances under which the race was run, than upon any set form of tactics. One of the first to realise this was Elliott himself, as fine a Derby jockey as there is riding to-day, who won on Bois Roussel by waiting and on Nimbus through virtually making all the running. Meanwhile, the late Freddie Fox had ridden Cameronian and Bahram to victory by waiting behind the leaders and challenging soon after entering the straight, while Smirke, taking the *via media* between the tactics of Donoghue and Wragg, scored on Windsor Lad and Mahmoud.

Mahmoud to this day holds the record for the race, and the manner in which he was ridden by Smirke is therefore worthy of particular attention as an example of how a typical high-class modern Derby winner—as opposed to a moderate stayer who plods to victory past a field of indifferent short-runners in a second-rate year—should be ridden. When the runners left the gate, Smirke was content to allow Mahmoud to gallop up the hill at an easy pace in the last bunch. He made no attempt to improve his position until he began to go downhill, at which point he allowed his horse to make the fullest use of the easy going, passing one opponent after another, so that, when the runners turned into the straight for home, he was lying fourth behind Thankerton, Pay Up and Boswell. Two furlongs from home, he made his final effort, and Mahmoud had sufficient in reserve to go on to win by three lengths. It is true that conditions were ideally suited to Mahmoud on that day, for the firm ground enabled him to make the greatest use of his fine speed without over-taxing his questionable stamina, but had not Smirke taken every advantage of the contours of the track, it is quite possible that he would not have won.

On most racecourses the best position is on the inside, because it usually offers the shortest way home. But at Epsom, the inside can prove a doubtful blessing, for on account of the slope of the course, horses tend to hang towards the rails, and whereas a tiring horse on another track will often deviate outwards and present an opening on the inside, at Epsom he will almost invariably roll towards the rails and bar any possible approach in that direction. It is therefore courting fate to get shut in on the rails, hoping that an opening will appear in time for one to challenge effectively in the straight. Sometimes the unprecedented happens and a jockey is able to get through, as was the case with Rae Johnstone on Galcador, but more often he must pull back and come on the outside, which was the fate of Johnstone on Colombo.

As in a Derby horse, temperament is a very important factor in a Derby jockey. He must be calm, but not dull-witted; alert, but not over-anxious. He must have the self-reliance of one who knows his trade thoroughly, as opposed to the false confidence of one wrapped up in his own conceit, have a sympathetic understanding of his horse, and he must be fit. Then, if his horse is good enough, and he has luck, he will win. But it is not mere luck that makes a Derby jockey. It is hard work, experience, intelligence and talent—and that spark of divine inspiration which, in every calling, we recognise as genius. Which all covet and respect, and which, alas, so few possess.



TWO NOTABLE DERBY TYPES DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY JULIET McLEOD: *Left*—Windsor Lad, the winner in 1934, with Smirke in the saddle. *Right*—Bahram, the Triple Crown winner in 1935, with Freddie Fox up. Fox rode Bahram to victory by waiting behind the leaders and challenging soon after entering the straight. Bahram was sired by the brilliant Blandford.

A Special "Sphere" Feature

The DERBY

The Story of the Famous Race and Some of its Great Moments Since the Days of Diomed

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE seventh Earl of Derby spent a good deal of time in the Isle of Man as a political refugee. He seems to have been at complete liberty in the island, but forbidden to leave it. Life must have been very dull, and to help pass the time, and to provide some entertainment for his followers, he inaugurated a race-meeting which was held each year on his birthday, "except it soe happened on a Sunday and if soe the daye following." This must have been about the year 1630, and the day, it is said, was known throughout the island as "Derby Day." Derby Day, if this be true and no legend, is, therefore, some 150 years older than the Derby itself, for the first race for the Derby Stakes was not run until Thursday, May 4, 1780.

In 1776 General St. Leger invented a new sort of race, open to three-year-old colts and fillies, which did away with heats, and this race was run on the Town Moor at Doncaster. The idea caught on, for it made the sport much faster and more exciting, and many more races could be got into a day's meeting. More important still, this new invention, it was quickly realised, provided a much fairer test of the relative racing merit of horses. In 1779 the twelfth Earl of Derby founded the Oaks, a race for three-year-old fillies only, which he named after his shooting-box on Banstead Downs. In the following year he founded a race for colts and fillies, again confining it to three-year-olds, which he named the Derby Stakes.

The first Derby was won by Diomed, a chestnut, owned by Sir Charles Bunbury and ridden by Sam Arnull. Sam Arnull was a member of a family which played a very important part in the early history of the Derby, for in the first thirty-four years twelve Derby winners were ridden by Arnulls—five by elder brother John, four by Sam, and three by Sam's son William. It is a record unequalled by any other family.

Diomed, in a manner quite unknown among modern Derby winners, was raced for the next four years, before being sent to stud in 1785 at a fee of 5 guineas. By 1798 his fee was only 2 guineas, and he was then sold to an American for 50 guineas. On reaching the United States he was resold, though now twenty-one years old, for 1,000 guineas. He served for ten years in America, and exercised a tremendous influence on the thoroughbred in that country. Thus the first of all Derby winners, like so many Derby winners since, went to America.

The Derby did not at once capture the public imagination—indeed, it needed a good deal of propaganda in *Bell's Life in London*, and that a good while after the turn of the century, before the public began to notice it as a race at all—but it gathered characters from the very start. The second Derby was won by Mr. O'Kelly's Young Eclipse. Young Eclipse was as well-born as could be, but nothing is known of the pedigree of his owner. O'Kelly was an Irish adventurer, who was at one time in the Fleet Prison for debt and at another earned a precarious living as a sedan-chairman. How he made his money is not recorded, but he managed to buy Eclipse for 2,500 guineas (the horse must have earned him at least £25,000 as a sire), and he won the Derby twice with horses of his own breeding, Young Eclipse in 1781 and Serjeant in 1784. O'Kelly also owned the second in the Derby of 1787, which was won by Sir Peter Teazle, owned by Lord Derby, the founder of the race. From that date until 1924, when Sansovino shattered the field in a drenching rainstorm, no member of the Stanley family was successful in the Derby.

None of the early Derby winners was successful at the stud—indeed, Noble, the winner of 1786, was retired to stud at a fee of 2 guineas and 2s. 6d. the groom, but Sir Peter Teazle, who was not retired until five years old, sired four Derby winners. The Americans made many efforts to buy Sir Peter Teazle, and it is said that Lord Derby refused one offer of 10,000 guineas (an enormous figure for those days), believing that the loss of Sir Peter Teazle would be a most damaging blow to British bloodstock. Rich owners have not always been so patriotic. Three sons of Sir Peter Teazle ran in the Derby of 1803, and they finished first, second and third.

An outstanding personality in the early history of the Derby was the third Duke of Grafton, who won it three times. His first win was in 1802 with Tyrant, ridden by Buckle, who also rode the winner of the Oaks that year. (Buckle was the first of the household names in jockeys, and had in his day a fame and popularity equal to anything enjoyed since by Fred Archer, Steve Donoghue and Gordon Richards. He could ride comfortably at 7 st. 8 lb. He rode five Derby winners, nine Oaks winners, two St. Leger winners.) But the third Duke of Grafton's great claim to fame lies not so much in the winning of three Derbies as in the profound influence he had on the development of the thoroughbred. It was he who saw the potentialities of Waxy, the Derby winner of 1793, as a sire, and he mated him with his mare Penelope. This mating produced Whalebone, the Derby winner of 1810, and it was through Whalebone and his sons, Camel and Sir Hercules, that the Eclipse line survived. Another son of Whalebone was Defence, who was not a very successful racehorse, but who sired The Emperor (twice winner of the Gold Cup), who was sold to France, where he sired Monarque (winner of the Goodwood Cup), who in turn sired Gladiateur.

The fourth Duke of Grafton also mated Waxy to Penelope and got Whisker. This horse, like his brother and his father, won the Derby. The year was 1815, and he won by a short head from the odds-on favourite Raphael. The crowd did not like it at all, and appear to have thought that the favourite's jockey, Jackson, was in some measure to blame, for they pulled him from the saddle and handled him pretty roughly. Whisker, too, was a great sire. A son of his, Memnon, was the first horse to win the St. Leger and the Gold Cup. Hannah, the winner of the 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger of 1871, was also a direct descendant.

Another outstanding personality of Georgian times was Lord Egremont, who won the Derby five times and the Oaks five times. His last winner of the Derby, Lapdog, started at 33 to 1 in 1826 and "swam home in fine style" in pouring

MAMELUKE, WINNER OF THE DERBY IN 1827: This engraving by Reeve is after a painting by J. F. Herring. Mameluke was the unluckiest of St. Leger losers, being beaten half-a-length by Mathilda, which had gained a 70-yard start through the dishonesty of the starter. As a result of this defeat, Gully lost £45,000 and he paid every sovereign with his own hands—*Reproduced by courtesy of the Parker Gallery.*

THE SUFFRAGETTE DERBY IN 1913: This was the scene at Tattenham Corner after Miss Emily Wilding Davison, the suffragette, had dashed beneath the rails and on to the course, colliding with King George's horse Anmer. Horse, jockey and suffragette are seen lying in a heap on the ground. Later Miss Davison died in hospital. The race ended in an objection, Craganour being disqualified.

TATTENHAM CORNER, AN ENGRAVING BY W. SUMMERS AFTER A PAINTING BY H. ALKEN, JNR.: This print, published in London in 1871, and now reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery, is of special interest in that it shows the whole topography of Epsom at a time when it was still possible for gentlemen to follow the Derby on horseback, watching the field climb the hill from the start, and then galloping across the course to witness the finish. These riders are shown in the middle distance.

rain and through a sea of mud. But the truly great man of the early days was Sir Charles Bunbury, the owner of the first Derby winner. Bunbury had not the Duke of Grafton's genius as a breeder nor the Earl of Egremont's luck as an owner (though he did own Eleanor, the first filly to win the Derby and the Oaks, and Smolensko, the first colt to win the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby), but he was a great administrator and was the head of the Turf for something like forty years. The Bunbury Mile course at Newmarket is named after him.

Sir Charles Bunbury was succeeded by Lord George Bentinck, who was known as the "Napoleon of the Turf." He was also a skilful detective. In 1844 the Derby was won by Running Rein. Running Rein was really a four-year-old named Maccabeus, and he had been deliberately exchanged for the real Running Rein by a professional gambler named Goodman. There had been an inquiry into the horse's age before this (when it won as a two-year-old and was really three), but on that occasion nothing could be proved. Lord George Bentinck exposed the Derby fraud after a long and patient investigation, and the race was awarded to Orlando, who had finished second. There seem to have been other occasions on which a four-year-old was run in the Derby during the early years, but this was the only time that the fraud was discovered. Lord George was a very heavy gambler. He won £30,000 when Cotherstone won in 1843, and in 1845 he cleared over £100,000 by betting alone. But he never won the Derby, which was the one thing that he really wanted to do. In 1846, in order to devote himself entirely to politics, he sold all his racing interests for £10,000. Among the horses sold was Surplice, who won the Derby and St. Leger for Lord Clifden in 1848. The day after Surplice had won, Disraeli met Lord George in the Library of the House of Commons, thought that he was looking very depressed and tried to cheer him up. Later Disraeli described the meeting: "He gave a sort of superb groan. 'All my life I have been trying for this; and for what have I sacrificed it?' he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. 'You do not know what the Derby is,' he moaned.—'Yes, I do. It is the Blue Riband of the Turf.'—'It is the Blue Riband of the Turf,' he slowly repeated to himself, and, sitting down at a table, buried himself in a volume of statistics." Disraeli, whose knowledge of horses and sport was limited in the extreme, gave to the Derby the title it has held ever since.

In 1853 came the first of the really great horses. When Frank Butler, already the rider of a Derby winner, first saw West Australian, he was speechless with admiration. West Australian was the first horse—and there have been only eleven in the whole history of the English Turf—to win the Triple Crown (the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger), and it was said of him, after his victory in the Derby, that it was not a question of whether he would win the St. Leger, but by how great a margin it was desirable for him to win. There can have been few trainers in all the history of the race so confident as Isaac Walker.

The following year saw the victory of Andover, not a great horse, but owned by a great man. John Gully started life as a butcher, became a publican, was imprisoned for debt and turned prize-fighter, won the heavy-weight championship of England, became

(*Concluded on following pages*)

LEADING IN THE WINNER: H.H. the Aga Khan with Blenheim, the victor in 1930. Blenheim was not a really outstanding classic type.

AIRBORNE WAS TRULY AIRBORNE: In the last stages of the race in 1946 the crowd in the grandstand at Epsom saw the astonishing picture of the Derby winner leaping clear into the air as he went past the post.

A DERBY DAY MISHAP: In this drawing Juliet McLeod calls to mind the fate of Ugongo, a Derby entry in 1949. The horse caught his leg in the railings at the entrance to the starting enclosure and had to be withdrawn from the race.

DERBY DAY 1951 AT EPSOM, IN ARCTIC PRINCE'S YEAR: Part of the crowd gathered round the bookmakers and the refreshment stalls on the course. The tic-tac man has a very fine vantage point.

THE DERBY

(*Concluded from previous page*)

a Member of Parliament, and died "a polished gentleman." But, above all else, Gully was a gambler. He won enormous sums in partnership with a man named Ridsdale, who had started life as "boots" in a Doncaster hotel. Ridsdale owned the Derby winner St. Giles and Gully won £60,000 on that race. He won over £70,000 on the St. Leger of 1825, and when Andover won him his third Derby his winnings were in the neighbourhood of £50,000. He lost enormous sums as well, but he began life so poor that a "crust of bread by the roadside was a meal," and he died a very wealthy colliery owner. And when he died in 1863 he was known as a strictly honest man. Few self-made men die with that reputation.

This was an era of great gamblers. Mr. James Merry, owner of Thormanby and Doncaster, won over £80,000 when the former won the Derby. A Mr. Naylor cleared over £100,000 when Macaroni won in 1863. But the biggest stake was that landed by Lord Chaplin when Hermit won at 100 to 1 in the snowstorm of 1867. He took £120,000 out of the ring, and it is said that he never received the whole of the amount he had won. Lord

ARRIVING BY COACH AND MOTOR-BUS FOR THE DERBY OF 1913: This was the tragic Derby in which Mr. Cunliffe's Aboyeur was awarded the race on an objection and the Suffragette Miss Davison lost her life.

THE PURVEYOR OF PRICELESS INFORMATION: A tipster clad in jockey's outfit delivers his diatribe to a half-interested circle of possible clients. The well-organised tipster seldom fails to obtain customers, particularly on Derby Day.

Kelbourne was another who liked a big bet. He once offered to lay £90,000 to £30,000 against a horse belonging to Lord George Bentinck, after the latter had asked if anyone would lay him 3 to 1. This bet was too much for Lord George, who would not accept it and never bet in big money afterwards, it is said.

In 1865 the Triple Crown was won again. Gladiateur, a descendant of Whalebone, was also the first French horse to win the Derby. His owner had won the Oaks the previous year with Fille de l'Aire (known to the bookies as Filly de Layer), and there had been an ugly scene as the jockey returned to weigh in—Englishmen were not then accustomed to seeing the Classic races go to foreign horses—and it was only the presence of a guard formed of such men as Jem Mace and Jem Dillon that prevented injury being done. Gladiateur was injured as a foal, and was lame throughout the years he was in training. But he was a horse quite out of the common and started favourite for the Derby at 5 to 2. He won easily, and this time there were scenes of great enthusiasm. Between the Derby and the St. Leger he won the Grand Prix. The day before the St. Leger he was so lame that he could scarcely walk, but he started favourite at 13 to 8 on, and again won easily. The following year he won the Ascot Gold Cup by more than forty lengths. Gladiateur must rank with the greatest racehorses of all time.

Curiously enough, the very next year the Triple Crown was won again, this time by Lord Lyon. Only a great horse wins the Triple Crown, and this was a great horse by a still greater one, yet one who did not win the Derby. Stockwell, his sire, fathered three Derby winners and the winners of six St. Legers in eight years. One of his Derby winners was Doncaster, who was bought in 1874 by the Duke of Westminster for £14,000. Doncaster sired Bend Or, who won the Duke the Derby of 1880. Bend Or sired Ormonde, who won the Duke the Triple Crown in 1886. Ormonde, a roarer, was sold to the Argentine, but he had then sired Orme, who, in turn, sired Flying Fox, who won for the Duke the Triple Crown of 1899. Doncaster more than repaid the huge sum paid for him.

The turn of the century, the end of the Victorian era, was also the end of an era in the history of the Derby. The days of enormous gambles were over, and no longer did one or two owners dominate the racing scene. Lord Rosebery, who bred and owned the Derby winners of 1894, 1895 and 1905, and Edward VII, who, as Prince of Wales, owned the Derby winner of 1896 and the Triple Crown winner of 1900 (Diamond Jubilee, the horse that hated jockeys), and as King, Minoru, the winner of 1909, were the last of the old order. It was not until the advent of the Aga Khan that a breeder-owner was to dominate the scene as thoroughly as had the Duke of Westminster.

Yet it is not the powerful owners who have brought the romance and the thrills to this race. Few people remember owners, many remember horses, and especially the outsiders. Hermit was a good horse, but it is the fact that he started at 100 to 1 and won in a snowstorm that has caused his name to be remembered. Jeddah, who also won at 100 to 1 in 1898, was another unconsidered animal, and though some huge sums were won on Hermit, nobody seems to have backed Jeddah, and the bookmakers really did have a good day, for the third horse was also at 100 to 1, and nobody seems to have backed him either.

Signorinetta in 1908 also provided the bookies with a good day, though she was heavily backed by a few people at 100 to 1. This filly two days later started favourite for the Oaks and won that race also. This had been done before, of course; by Eleanor (1801) and Blink Bonny (1857). It was to be done again in 1916 by Fifinella, but this "double" cannot be counted, since the races were substitutes run at Newmarket, and Newmarket is a very different matter from Epsom. Only one filly has won the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby. That was the grey Tagalie in 1912. No filly has managed to win the Derby and the St. Leger, though Shotover, who won the Derby in 1882 for the Duke of Westminster, finished third in the St. Leger. There are five classic races, and, of course, since two of them are confined to fillies, only a filly could win them all. This has never yet been accomplished. But Sceptre in 1902 won the 2,000 Guineas, the 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger, and was fourth in the Derby. It is a record that is unlikely to be equalled.

A PRINCE AMONG TIPSTERS: Ras Prince Monolulu has adorned British racecourses for many years, and he is usually somewhere in the picture when the Derby winner is being led in.

Though the outsider is always the horse that catches the imagination, it is every whit as exciting to watch an odds-on favourite come home. Actually, in all the history of the race, fourteen odds-on favourites have won. Lord Lyon,

Ormonde, Isinglass and Rock Sand all started at odds on, and both Isinglass and Rock Sand won easily, though in 1903, the year of Rock Sand's victory, there was only a field of seven.

The Derby has not, of course, been free from the sort of villainy that Nat Gould loved to picture in his novels of the Turf. In the early years a number of horses of four years old ran, and there is some reason to believe that a four-year-old won it on more than one occasion. One trainer, on his death-bed, acknowledged that he had twice won it for Lord Egremont with four-year-olds, by changing two-year-olds into the yearlings' paddock, though he hastened to add that his lordship knew nothing about it. There have also been several cases of "nobbling." Orme, the Duke of Westminster's famous son of Ormonde and about as safe a certainty as any in the history of the race, was poisoned with mercury before the race and unable to run. The Tetrarch went "wrong" before the race and could not run. It was never shown that he was "nobbled," but it was strongly believed that there had been foul play. The Panther, too, was widely supposed to have been got at before the race. But it is easy and inviting to put bad form down to the evil work of others, when it may be no more than a temporary indisposition. Fairway was simply off form in the 1928 Derby, though it is extremely doubtful if he would have beaten Felstead in any case. There is even the record of a Derby candidate eating his bed the night before the race and running rather badly as a result.

THE FINISH OF THE SPECTACULAR DERBY OF 1949: Swallow Tail, Nimbus, the winner, and Amour Drake battling out the last strides of the race, in which Nimbus just managed to hold off the powerful French challenge. At Tattenham Corner Nimbus and Swallow Tail had been in the lead. Rae Johnstone, on Amour Drake, had yet to make the great run which brought him within a head of winning. Nimbus was ridden by E. C. Elliott, this being his third Derby winner; the others were Bois Roussel (1938) and Call Boy (1927). Amour Drake was baulked in the straight, but finished so fast that he was a neck in front one stride past the post. Nimbus was tiring.

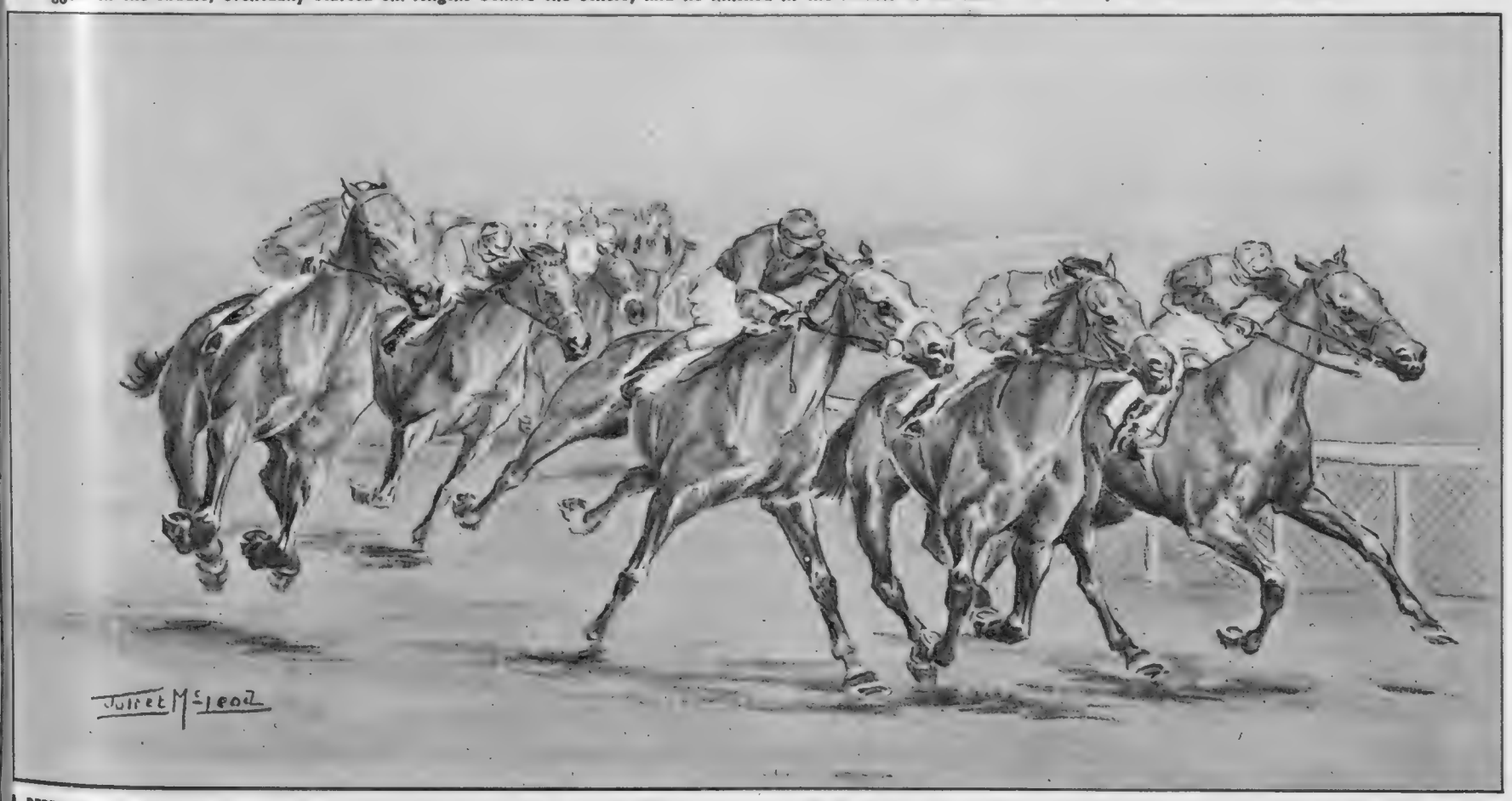
Apart from nobbling before the race, the Derby is a clean-run event. I think that I am right in saying that only once in the whole history of the race has there been an objection, and that was by the Stewards themselves. This was in 1913—the Suffragette Derby. Miss Davison ran out under the horses just round the bend of Tattenham Corner, opposite the point where the 5-furlong straight course comes into the Derby course, and brought down Anmer. But she did not stop the race. Craganour, the favourite, and Aboyeur, a 100 to 1 outsider, passed the post locked together, with the favourite just in front. The objection flag was raised on the Stewards' initiative, for no objection was lodged by Aboyeur's jockey, and after inquiry the race was awarded to the outsider.

Between the wars the Derby scene was dominated by the Aga Khan. It is tempting to think of all Derby winners as great horses, and especially when they belong to colourful and successful owners. Blenheim, who won for the Aga Khan in 1930, was not a great racehorse, for he was weak below the knee with upright pasterns, and he did not, in fact, run after the Derby. He might, however, have been a great asset to British bloodstock as a sire had he not been sold. Bahram, who won the Triple Crown in 1935, was a supremely great racehorse, and it was a terrible shock when he was sold to America in 1940. At the same time the Aga Khan sold his other Derby winner, Mahmoud, the holder of the record for the course.

Since the war, the French have dominated the picture, somewhat to the dismay of English enthusiasts. Pearl Diver, My Love, Galcador are all French, and Nimbus only just managed to prevent a further French victory by the shortest of short heads in a photo-finish. Of the post-war winners Airborne, a grey with a lovely raking stride, who started as an outsider, won in most convincing fashion. So did last year's winner, Arctic Prince, bred in Ireland, who did not, unfortunately, run in the St. Leger. Airborne, by winning the St. Leger, proved himself to be a horse out of the ordinary run for recent years.

Of the five three-year-old classic races the Derby is now universally considered the most important. (Indeed, it is generally considered the most important flat race in the world.) It is very difficult to understand why this should be so, but the fact remains. The Derby winner may be beaten in the St. Leger, may never run again, but he is the Derby winner, the horse of the year, the winner of the Blue Riband of the Turf, and he will be remembered.

THE HORSE THAT DID NOT WANT TO GO: When Zucchero went to the post in 1951 the Epsom Stewards gave special permission for trainer Cundell to be at his head in order to urge him on his way. Zucchero, with young Lester Piggott in the saddle, eventually started six lengths behind the others, and he finished in the middle of the field.



A DERBY FIELD ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER: In this drawing Juliet McLeod indicates the nature of the downhill bend. It requires a horse that is particularly handy to come down this hill well balanced. The jockey must make sure not to get boxed in at this juncture, as the field tends to move in towards the rails and a horse once boxed in is unlikely to get a chance of coming through the field. Since the Suffragette Derby the crowd at Tattenham Corner has been contained within inner rails.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE IN SHELL, BRICK AND STONE

Kiosks in Grosvenor Gardens; Repairs to the Sarah Siddons Statue; and Two Houses that are in the News

SEA-SHELLS AT VICTORIA—A NOVEL IDEA FOR TWO KIOSKS IN GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.: These two kiosks in various stages of erection, the one on the left nearing completion, are being built close to the Foch Statue in the Gardens. The French architect, M. Jean C. Moreux, who designed the kiosks, decided that they should be covered with shells. Some suitable shells have already come from France, but probably most of the shells will be gathered from English beaches.

THE BOMB-DAMAGED STATUE OF ACTRESS SARAH SIDDONS ON PADDINGTON GREEN IS BEING REPAIRED: Sir Richard and Lady Butler with Mr. Alfred Banks (right), the sculptor, who is carrying out the repairs, examining the statue prior to the restoration. Lady Butler, a great-great-great niece of the actress, is chairman of a committee of actors, actresses and relatives of Sarah Siddons, engaged in raising £200 for the repair of the statue. The most serious damage is to the nose. A painting in profile by Gainsborough will be used by Mr. Banks to ensure that the nose is repaired correctly. The hands and feet are also damaged. Just recently the Parks Committee of Paddington Council reported that expenditure on renovating the statue would not be justified. Mrs. Siddons made her debut as Portia in 1775, and achieved her first success in Manchester when she appeared in a series of popular tragedies. For thirty years she was the unrivalled Queen of Tragedy on the British stage.

A TENANT IS REQUIRED FOR CANONBURY TOWER, THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING IN ISLINGTON, NORTH LONDON: The building, which has stood empty since 1947, at which time it ceased to be used as a Youth Club, is now in the hands of the Marquess of Northampton's London agents, who are searching for a tenant. Canonbury Tower, built about 1530 with later additions, and which covers 8,000 sq. ft., is rated at £100 a year. Since the war, between £2,000 and £3,000 has been spent on repairs. The red brick tower, 66 ft. high and 17 ft. square, commands extensive views of London. The property is a relic of the country residence of the Priors of St. Bartholomew's. It was owned by Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London 1594-95, and was leased to Francis Bacon from 1616-25. In the eighteenth century Oliver Goldsmith lodged there.

On left—

A LONDON HOUSE FOR THE NATION: Fenton House, which stands in its own grounds in Hampstead Grove, not far from the Heath, has been left to the National Trust by the late Lady Katherine Binning. Lady Binning, who had lived in Fenton House since the war, died there in February. Built in 1693, with twenty rooms, the house has now been listed as a building of historic and architectural importance. Fenton House, which has been described as one of the finest houses in Hampstead, will eventually be open to the public.

LONDON FROM A NEW VANTAGE POINT

LOOKING DOWN ON THE CITY FROM THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION

THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S VIEWED FROM THE TOWER OF THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION : When the plans for Bankside were first mooted it was said that the power station would challenge the historic dominance of St. Paul's, but there are few who now support that view with the same vehemence. This picture shows the extent of the bomb damage which still remains to be made good eastward of St. Paul's. Throughout the City indeed there are still many vast gaps, and no attempt has been made to fill these in haste, for the City of the future is planned upon imaginative lines.

Below—

LOOKING EASTWARDS ALONG THE THAMES FROM BANKSIDE : Southwark Bridge, Cannon Street Bridge, London Bridge and Tower Bridge all span the river within a short distance of each other.

A COMMENTARY ON THE FOREIGN NEWS

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad With Notes

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE WERE 5,000 ARMED POLICE ON DUTY TO GUARD THE EX-SON OF HEAVEN AS HE DELIVERED THIS ORATION: Emperor Hirohito, with the Empress beside him, speaking at the Imperial Plaza, Tokyo, at the ceremony marking the restoration of sovereignty and independence to Japan. The most extravagant precautions were taken to ensure there was no Communist interference with this meeting, which was attended by 30,000 Japanese.

Emperor Hirohito Again.—The somewhat enigmatic figure of Emperor Hirohito brushes the opening days of The Next Japan. He composes a symbolic poem of cherry blossom and a nation's springtime; sends a two-horse, austere State carriage to fetch the senior foreign envoys with their credentials to present; alters the former "We" to a modest "I" in addressing them; no longer wears flashing uniform but a frock-coat.

It will be interesting to see if the Emperor is still in a frock-coat next year, when he may have to superintend the wardrobe of the eighteen-year-old Crown Prince Akihito, who is a hot tip for that elite among Coronation visitors—those waiting to wear a crown. Akihito says he wants the United Kingdom to be his first foreign visit.

The matter of the Emperor's re-assumption of his former full status is a main plank in the platform of the old ultra-nationalists of the Right, who are thought to be a greater immediate menace to Premier Yoshida's democratic essay than the noisy Communists. So much is this the case, that the Reds talk of trying to form an alliance of expediency, saying, truly, that their only differences with the Nationalists are over rearmament (the Reds are against it) and the future status of the Emperor.

Yoshida was strengthened by the Reds showing their guns during the riots, but nobody expects his tough and numerous new police will be out of action for long. Some sustenance may be taken, however, from the startling discovery by Minoru Takano, Secretary-General of the Council of Trade Unions. Minoru coalesced with the Communists, only to find they "did not intend to abide by the rules"; so there 's to be a change of policy.

Foreign eyes, especially trading ones, are chiefly turned on the once powerful *zaibatzu*, who are climbing back into the saddle. They were dismembered "forever" only yesterday; but no matter. This was just another commandeering of the future by glib tongues. The *zaibatzu*, alias the dominant families, *are* Japanese ultra-nationalism, and will want to make re-entry into China either as partners or something else.

Maybe it is partly for this reason that the Japanese are not ejecting the Russian diplomatic staff which does not recognise Japan's new condition. General Kisienko's minions may be useful for a separate peace (as Japan admits) and are still in their rambling walled house—"The Dark House"—in the heart of Tokyo.

There they will be able to supervise, among other things, "Hiroshima Day." Presently the Reds may repeat with the bomb their "Peace Pledge" ramp. That Japan will soon be voting alongside the West at the United Nations should be fully taken advantage of, so that a minimum of lies about Western intentions with the bomb may take hold in the land where it first fell.

HOW NORTHERN JAPANESE FISHERMEN CELEBRATED THE RETURN OF INDEPENDENCE: Fishing boats at Hakodate festooned with streamers before they set out for the fishing grounds of the Northern Pacific, the trip being made possible for the first time in ten years through the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty.

AFTER PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE JAPANESE EMPEROR: Sir Esler Dening, the British Ambassador in Tokyo, leaving the Imperial Palace following the ceremony. He is accompanied by Mr. Matsudaira, the Grand Master of Ceremonies in the Imperial Palace.

THE BATTLE OF THE GENERALS: Brigadier-General Francis T. Dodd (*left*), whom the Communist prisoners-of-war made captive on Koje Island, Brigadier-General Charles Colson (*centre*), who took over at Koje when General Dodd was captured; and Brigadier-General Haydon L. Boatner (*right*), who followed Colson as Commandant at Koje. The Dodd "incident" very speedily became headline news in the United States, and Dodd and Colson, indeed, were summoned last week to Tokyo to report to General Mark Clark, the Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific.

The Captive on Koje Island.—General Mark Clark had hardly taken over from General Ridgway in Tokyo than he was presented with a "Lulu." A "Lulu" is American for a first-rate mess.

Brigadier Francis Dodd, fifty-two, Commandant of the notorious P.O.W. camp on Koje Island, off southern Korea, says he was discussing complaints with prisoners when twenty of them rushed at him and dragged him into the compound.

There he was held for seventy-eight hours, treated with the utmost respect. He was given flowers.

Meanwhile, far more astonishing things were happening. General Van Fleet, commanding in Korea, had the brainwave of removing Dodd from his command and appointing the Chief of Staff of the III Corps, Brigadier Colson, to act for him. This radically altered Dodd's status with the prisoners, though whether they desisted with their bouquets is not recorded.

What they did do was to send a series of demands to General Colson. These included: (1) Immediate cessation of "barbarous behaviour," including mass murder by germ warfare, poison gas, or atomic bomb; (2) An end to proposals for the voluntary repatriation of war prisoners, the cause of the present truce deadlock; (3) Recognition of a joint North Korean-Chinese prisoners' committee.

Such demands should never have been recognised. How much was actually wrung from Colson is not clear, but General Clark, in apologising for Colson, said the latter had "under great duress" notified the Communists that "there will be no more forced screening or any rearming of prisoners of war in this camp."

Dodd was released hard upon Colson's subscription to the Red demands and flown to Seoul. The very next day Colson followed him, and Brigadier Boatner, an infantry officer, is now the camp's twelfth commandant.

BUILDING THE VESUVIUS CHAIR-LIFT: The terminal at the summit seen as the work of construction neared completion. It will be in operation this summer.

Next Stop Vesuvius.—The Bay of Naples has been gaining suffrage as a summer resort. Possibly war memories have had something to do with it. It is much too sultry for most people and usually only the young are interested. Young or not, none have been able to look into Vesuvius unless they 've footed the last 1,500 ft.

The funicular to the top of the cone was destroyed in the last eruption—autumn 1944—and has never been replaced. This was the third funicular to be destroyed under lava since the first was built in 1880, so it was decided they were too expensive in the circumstances.

Later this summer a new contraption for mountainsides, a chair-lift, is to start functioning to the top of the volcano (currently completely dormant, though the crater is spectacular as ever). Visitors will be able to ascend by train to the foot of the cone, afterwards transferring into chairs, to be swung up to the top.

The motor road to the crater, likewise destroyed eight years ago, will be restored by the early autumn, when Vesuvius should be itself again. The trouble is the high fare to get there, any way you go.

Nationalised rail and sea ways are becoming preserves of exaggerated, leisurely-going, and extravagantly-minded staffs, the ever-rising cost of whom precludes more and more of the public which pays the piper from making use of what the said staffs offer.

TUGS HAUL AWAY AT THE STERN OF THE "ORCADES": Attempting to pull the great Orient liner off the sandbank near Port Phillip, Victoria, Australia.

The *Orcades* Aground.—Shortly after sailing from Melbourne, while still off Dromana-Rosebud Beach, the 28,000-ton Orient liner *Orcades* ran aground on a sand-bar. The time was 2.30 a.m. and nearly all the 1,215 passengers, most of them bound for London, were asleep. Many heard nothing, so soft had been the jolt.

But a forty-mile-an-hour wind lashed the liner. Fortunately the *Orcades* was still inside Port Phillip Bay, yet even in these moderately shielded waters the north-westerly blasts all day long countered the efforts of tugs. Finally these were successful towards nightfall. A swift examination of the liner's plates, and the *Orcades* was on her way again.

Liners converging on United Kingdom ports are reported with full or next-to-full complements. Especially does this hold with vessels from Commonwealth countries.

Such visitors stay far longer than the average run of Americans. For example, the *Mauretania* sailed, packed, on her latest voyage from New York. It is another matter how long Americans landing at Southampton linger in Britain. Many are rapidly attracted by the Paris licensing laws.

THE "ORCADES" SHORTLY BEFORE SHE WAS RELEASED FROM HER PREDICAMENT: An aerial view of tugs hauling on the stern of the great vessel. She ran aground in the early hours of the morning.

IT WAS ALL THE FAULT OF A BROKEN RAIL: Thirty-five freight cars jumbled in the smoking wreckage near Corsicana, Texas, after a sixty-two-car freight train had been derailed en route between Fort Worth, Texas, and Denver, Colorado. On the left is a section of new track bypassing the wreckage.

Above—

A Pile-up in Texas.—A broken rail—and thirty-five of an American freight train's sixty-two cars left the track near Corsicana, Texas, on the run from Fort Worth to Denver, Colorado. Somehow all the train-crew escaped in a record "pile-up of tin cans and orange crates," as a newsman of descriptive bent called it.

Others will see a similarity to what happens to a chain of caterpillars when their blind tail-to-head progress across an open space becomes suddenly subject to violent stoppage.

Then the flames came. A large part of the freight had been made up of highest inflammables: sixteen fuel-oil cars; four more filled with high-octane petrol; other cars, again, containing carbon-black and ammonia.

Water-cars rushed by road were used to cool off unburnt tank cars, each holding 10,000 gallons of oil. Damage is placed at £1,100,000 for the short, sharp blaze.

Up in the north, another oil train met with a like fate. Between Washington and Baltimore, eighteen of a freight train's eighty-seven cars plunged off the track.

On right—

Britain, Greece and Cyprus.—The scuttle from Abadan set in motion the latest pressure-campaigns to ease Britain out of places where she has long had lodgment—sometimes invited by the native-born. Just now the Mediterranean is chiefly involved and the latest Greek calls for Cyprus coincided with the visit to Athens of Lords Montgomery and Halifax.

The demonstrations were sponsored by Archbishop Spyridon, Primate of All Greece, and some of the slogans proclaim: "Friends of Greece are only those who want the union"; "400,000 Cypriots demand liberty"; "Doesn't our friendship with England entitle us to rights?"; "Mother Greece reclaims her child"; "Montgomery, where are your promises?"

Did "Monty" make any?

He *was* saying in Athens, as the slogans were borne by, that any economies necessary in Greek defence expenditure must not affect actual combatant strength, and that S.H.A.P.E. would re-examine what fresh security might be extended to a proven gallant people in war.

ATHENIANS DEMAND THE RETURN OF CYPRUS: Demonstrators thronging the Place Omonia. The demonstration was organised by Monsignor Spyridon, Primate of Greece and President of the Pan-Hellenic Committee for the Union of Greece and Cyprus. The demonstration coincided with the visit to the city of Lord Montgomery.

"GENERAL MONTGOMERY, WHERE IS LIBERTY?" CYPRUS DEMANDS ITS UNION WITH GREECE: Greek students are seen taking part in the Union with Cyprus demonstrations which were held in Athens.

THE FIELDS AROUND HEMEL HEMPSTEAD WHEN THE FIRST ROAD-MAKING FOR THE NEW TOWN BEGAN IN 1949 : A road is seen under construction for one of the neighbourhood units in this town which is eventually going to have a population of 60,000. Hemel Hempstead has already completed its 1,000th new house, and despite setbacks due to shortages, the work goes ahead steadily.

A NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT SPRINGS INTO LIFE AT HEMEL HEMPSTEAD : Contrast this picture taken recently with the picture *above on left* showing the same spot in 1949. The layout of these units is in astonishing contrast to the old back-to-back dwellings in many of Britain's big cities.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD FROM THE SKIES

AERIAL VIEWS OF ONE OF THE MOST ADVANCED OF THE NEW TOWNS RINGING LONDON

Hemel Hempstead, one of the eight new towns being built around Greater London to take the overspill from the crowded Metropolis, has completed its 1,000th house. Each of the new towns has a Development Corporation, set up under the New Towns Act of 1946, which aims to create new self-contained communities in better surroundings and to provide homes and work for people at present overcrowded in London. In the new towns, families can again become members of a neighbourhood and take part in the normal activities of a healthy community, instead of living the anonymous lives of London's millions. The exodus from London to the new towns, at present only a trickle due to the restricted rate of building, occasioned by the needs of the rearmament programme, would relieve the waiting lists for houses in the capital, and do something towards solving the housing problems of tens of thousands of Londoners, who live in overcrowded and insanitary conditions.

Hemel Hempstead was originally a small country town, of some 22,000 people, twenty-three miles away from London's West End. Under the new scheme that is planned to increase the population to 60,000, not least of the Development Corporation's problems is the harmonious and smooth drafting of the new community on to the old. In character and background, the old inhabitants will obviously differ from the immigrants, and it will take time before the two population streams will merge.

In the planned expansion of Hemel Hempstead the provision of employment has not been overlooked, and seven factories are either built or building. They will eventually provide employment for about 5,000 workers, mostly in light engineering. Nor have other communal amenities been overlooked. Mr. Ernest Marples, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, who opened the 1,000th house, declared that Hemel Hempstead was ahead of the other new towns, and had been the first to build a shop, to have a school built and to start the construction of a public-house.

The houses built so far are mostly occupied by building workers and employees in the factories and essential services. So far all the immigrants with one exception have taken kindly to their new environment, for Hemel Hempstead is pleasantly situated on the fringe of the Chiltern Hills, on both sides of the valley, and is within easy reach of the countryside. The one immigrant who returned to London said that he "couldn't stand the twittering of the birds!"

The town is being developed in neighbourhoods, and Adeyfield, the first under construction, will hold about 10,000 people and will have its own shops, schools, public-house, church and meetings halls. Houses are by no means standard or uniform, some are semi-detached, others are in terraces, whilst elsewhere two-storied blocks of flats are being constructed. This diversity is not only pleasing to the eye, but it means that requirements of all kinds of families have been met. Throughout, the effect is one of pleasant, well-planned roads, crescents and squares, without the hideous uniformity of so much English house-building in the years immediately after the First World War.

THE FACTORY ESTATE AT HEMEL HEMPSTEAD : Seven factories are either built or building in the new town, and they will eventually provide employment for about 5,000 workers, for the most part in light engineering. The area adjoins the Adeyfield neighbourhood unit. Crawley, another of the new towns, has also completed several factories, some of them built by private enterprise and some the work of the Crawley Development Corporation.

Rents of the houses and flats vary from below £1 up to nearly £2 per week. By the introduction of higher-income groups alongside factory workers and craftsmen, it is hoped to achieve a well-balanced community of wide and varied interests. Proof of the desire of the residents to mould themselves into such a community is the fact that, despite initial difficulties, several new associations have sprung up. Political parties have started new groups, gardeners have held meetings, shopkeepers, sports enthusiasts, young wives and mothers have got together. Hemel Hempstead, the town of the future, has termed what life could be like if everyone concentrated their energies on making it worth living.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, NEW AND OLD—IN THE FOREGROUND OF THIS AERIAL VIEW IS THE FIRST OF THE NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS IN THE HERTFORDSHIRE NEW TOWN, AND IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE OLD TOWN OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Plans for the decentralisation of the population from London centre largely on Hemel Hempstead and seven other new towns which were scheduled under the New Towns Act of 1946 under the Greater London Plan prepared by Sir Patrick Abercrombie. Although the new towns are referred to as satellites, which, in a sense, they are, circulating as they do round the main orbit of London, it is explained by the Development Corporations that they are self-sufficient towns. Hemel Hempstead's first neighbourhood unit already has a life of its own and a community spirit of its own.

HIGH-SPEED BUILDING IN THE WEST COUNTRY—CONCRETE-POURED HOUSES UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE ESTATE FOR FOREIGN OFFICE WORKERS AT CHELTENHAM: *Left* and *right*—Two examples of building by Wimpeys on the new Cheltenham estate, where 512 houses and 409 flats are being laid out by the Corporation to accommodate a branch of the Foreign Office, which is now moving out there. Some of the houses are brick-built, but others are constructed by pouring a special cement mixture in shuttering or moulds to form the walls. This shuttering is seen in the foreground of the picture on the right.

No Fines concrete, a mixture of cement and course aggregate, was extensively used in Scotland in the inter-war period. Four years ago Wimpeys evolved a technique for erecting No Fines houses, partly in anticipation of a shortage of bricks and bricklayers, but mainly as an endeavour to find a means by which mechanisation could supplement the supply of houses obtained by normal or traditional methods. Great strides have been made since that early conception, and they are exemplified in the new buildings now being erected at Cheltenham for members of the staff of the Foreign Office.

After experimenting with the flow of No Fines concrete under window-sills, it has been found that the walls can be poured in one lift, including concreting the party wall, gable and chimney-stack in the same day. For these pouring operations a special formwork or shuttering has been evolved.

Erecting, stripping and transferring large units of formwork from one foundation to the next by means of a crane, greatly reduces the time taken as compared with using units small enough for man-handling, such small units being more liable to damage in the course of being stripped individually and thrown from a height on to a heap, thrown from the heap into a lorry and tipped by the lorry where next required, as compared with the large units which cannot be shifted without the use of the crane. Other materials are being considered for formwork, such as steel and light alloy, but at present it remains doubtful whether the advantages given by the present timber shuttering will be improved.

The internal formwork is brought to the site in panels of a maximum size of 16 ft. by 8 ft., which are bolted together to the requisite wall lengths. The inner and outer shutters are tied together by bolts passing through the concrete and secured to walings on the shutters; these bolts being removed after the concrete has set. To this inner formwork are secured the window and door cores and the necessary fixings for skirtings, cupboards etc., together with runners which form indents ready to receive the partitions which are built at a later date. The outer formwork is also brought to the site in panels 16 ft. by 8 ft

KENSINGTON GORE

ONE OF OUR "NEW TOWNS"

A Memory of the Past by JOHN GORE

AS my bus jolts its way past the Albert Hall towards Knightsbridge, I sometimes try to picture that very lately developed part of Central London, and I have a very clear idea of its rural charms and inconveniences as they existed in the time when my grandfather was Commissioner of Woods and Forests. I remember him very well and can recall some of the picturesque anecdotes which he would tell us children. Little more than a century ago the road from Holland House to Knightsbridge was still a muddy lane infested with cattle and footpads. It served two or three great houses set in large suburban gardens on the south, with Kensington Gardens bordering it on the north, an enclosure as rural as Richmond Park, patrolled by keepers still engaged in shooting foxes and other vermin. The Gore (a triangular patch, still in the terminology of dressmakers) covered a large acreage, its eastern end (now Ennismore Gardens) being the highest ground between Hyde Park Corner and Windsor Castle. On this acreage (seventy or more) stood three great houses. Kingston House had been the residence of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess, Countess and forger, and Lord Wellesley died there in 1842.

Gore House was a property of twenty-one acres running down to the Brompton Road and including much of the Museum area. Here lived Wilberforce between 1808 and 1821 in a charming garden of three acres still completely rural, and for the following thirteen years Lady Blessington and Alfred D'Orsay lived together and entertained the men of fashion, from Wellington to D'Israeli, including my grandfather, whose pencil portrait by D'Orsay (one of scores in existence), done in 1842, is before me on my desk.

A Letter from D'Orsay.—The Gore House garden was enchanting with its mulberry and walnut trees and smooth, green lawns. It might be (as Wilberforce wrote) 200 miles from a great city. The house lay one mile west of the Turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner. It was paradise and Arcadia to the south, but to the north the Knightsbridge Road was muddy, potholed, noisy, dangerous and infested with animals and thieves, a notorious plague-spot, traffic bottleneck and danger area. Let us hear the evidence of D'Orsay himself, writing to my grandfather a century ago. My grandfather, at the early age of twenty-eight, had recently been appointed Commissioner of Woods and Forests

"GORE HOUSE,
13 March, 1846.

Mon cher Gore

Il paroit que vous étez destiné par la nature pour améliorer Kensington Gore et voici la plus belle opportunité de vous immortaliser en abolissant The Half-Way House qui est le rendezvous de tous les Pigs, vaches, Veaux et Vauriens. Vous avez repondu à Mr. Elger que les *Woods and Forests* aimoient les compensations, mais il me semble que dans vos améliorisations dans Piccadilly vous n' avez eu aucune compensation, c'est un embellissement sans destruction de nuisance, tandis qu'en détruisant le Half-Way House, vous assainissez cette route qui est infecte en été, vous economisez les accidents qui arrive souvent par les encombrements, ce qui m'est arrivé en étant un soir bouleversé dans un Hack Cab, et enfin vous sauverez peut-être la vie d'Auckland et de ses sœurs. Reflechissez sérieusement à cette grande amélioration publique, en attendant croyez-moi toujours votre vieil ami, D'Orsay.

Lady Blessington vous rémercie pour votre lettre."

Let me briefly annotate this faded old letter from my enormous and shamefully neglected collection of autographs, begun by Harriet, Lady Bessborough, and vastly added to by my grandfather, who was as great a hoarder as he was a persistent correspondent with the leading figures of his time.

Plus Ça Change.—The Knightsbridge road was famous or infamous for its inns. There was the Adam and Eve near Holland House, where Sheridan ran up a largish bill on his way to and from the Holland. But none was so disreputable as the Half-Way House, which in the 1840's was notorious as a haunt of drovers, cattle thieves and footpads.

HYDE PARK CORNER, *CIRCA* 1850: An engraving by Augustus Butler depicting a mid-nineteenth century scene outside Apsley House. On the left is the triple gateway erected in 1828 from designs by Burton, with reliefs copied from the Elgin Marbles—*Reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery.*

That there is no new thing under the sun is a journalist's cliché. Despite its constant citation, we are apt to regard traffic problems, road accidents, jams and "bottlenecks" as the exclusive "headache" of our day. In truth the traffic jams at Hyde Park Corner were far worse a century ago, and even in the Edwardian era, than they are to-day.

The end of Gore House came very soon after this letter of D'Orsay's was written. Lady Blessington died and D'Orsay retired to Paris. In 1849 Lady Blessington's effects were auctioned in the Gore House and the seventy acres comprising the Gore House and Baron de Villars' estates were acquired for £200,000 by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Gore House was opened temporarily as a restaurant for visitors by Soyer, the restaurateur. Soon after, the big houses came down one by one and the site was museumised and utterly lost its identity.

Lord Auckland and his sister Emily Eden, author of two charming novels recently revived, lived at Eden Lodge, and Emily later at Kent House in the Gore.

There is a rather poignant pleasure still to be got walking idly in London, trying to picture what some quarter of it was like before Nature was banished by bricks and mortar. Your chief aids are to be found in the square gardens where some of the old trees still survive. And in the "Gore," in Rutland and Ennismore Gardens, and in such houses as Bolney and d'Eresby not long ago it was possible to picture those 70 acres which I have mentioned as they were 100 years ago, sloping down to the Brompton and Cromwell Roads as private gardens and fields.

The Boltons.—Another generation of Gores could carry on the story of London's development in this area. When my father was a boy at Harrow, in 1862, he was invited in the summer holidays to play cricket on the Boltons ground. He and a friend (as he told me) took a hack cab and drove down from London. They could not find the ground. They asked an old man who was scything grass. He pointed to a haystack in a field. "It lies over there beyond the stack," he said. As they went towards it they put up a good covey of partridges.

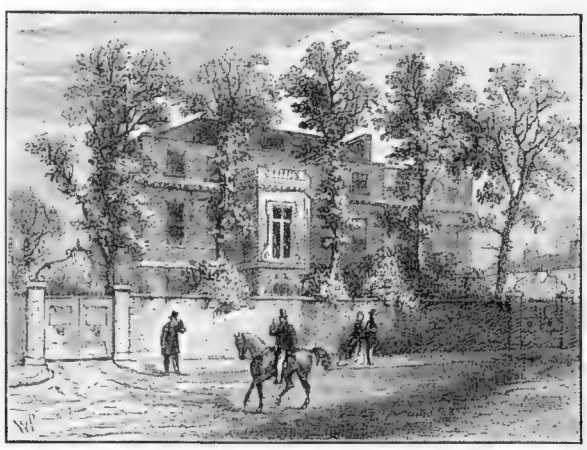
Partridges. Let a third generation of Gores carry on the tale. I shot my first right-and-left at partridges in 1901 only six miles from Hyde Park Corner. Strange to relate, I might have repeated the feat in the same fields in 1930, for partridges were still there. Perhaps they are there to-day, for the old house of my grandfather on Wimbledon Common, opposite the Round Pond, still stands very much as it was (though now converted into flats). And some of its land, and that of its neighbour, Cannizaro, still remains unburdened with bricks. But development is proceeding apace at last.

Nor was it partridges only that could be flushed in my grandfather's enchanting domain of forty acres.

My oldest game-book reminds me that I killed pheasants and rabbits and pigeons often enough and once a mallard. The record of Cannizaro (I forget how it is spelt) was much more like Holkham's than was ours.

A Battue at Putney Wimbledon.—In the Edwardian era, it was leased by a financial baron, and one November morning we found the party-wall lined with depressed-looking pheasants, almost, if not quite, wearing their labels of origin. At ten o'clock those novelties, the early motor-cars, began to assemble in Cannizaro's drive, disgorging the baron's plutocratic City friends got up superbly as sportsmen. The scene changed to the valley. Here the barons assembled with loaders, and the imported game was driven and driven back to and from the coverts on either side of the valley over their heads. There were many shots, few victims. Many of the birds escaped to our woods. Hence the fine entries in my game-book the next year. It was not so long ago, and only six miles from Hyde Park Corner and only five miles from the Albert Memorial. This very trivial page of family history, with its evidence from three generations, is quite a span of memory among the arches of the years in London's history. For when my grandfather first came from Dublin to London to seek his fortune (which he found very quickly and satisfactorily) Belgrave Square was still the haunt of snipe, for it was not until 1824 that Cubitt began to clear the swamps of the "Five Fields" for development and a century later partridges still moved in covey five miles from the Victoria and Albert Museum.

My grandfather's "mixed farm" was the joy of my childhood, and I well remember his cowman, John Slack, who enjoyed his pint at the little Crooked Billet, which is still the local Local on the Common. We often put up snipe in our walks on the Common, which my grandfather used to shoot in earlier days. And it was my grandmother, Lady Kerry, who saved the Windmill from destruction when it was threatened in mid-Victorian days; she drove up to London to plead with the responsible Minister and returned in triumph. Wimbledon, indeed, has resisted long and gallantly.



OLD GORE HOUSE IN 1830: The house was a low, plain and unpretentious building, painted white, abutting on the roadway, about 150 yards to the east of the chief public entrance to the Royal Albert Hall.

"ENTRANCE OF PICCADILLY OR HYDE PARK CORNER TURNPIKE, WITH A VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL": An old drawing showing the road that led to Gore House, situated one mile west of the Turnpike. At about the end of 1825, the tollgate, which gave a confined appearance to the street, was removed and the two toll-houses were sold by auction.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S FAREWELL VISIT TO LONDON

The Supreme Commander and Mrs. Eisenhower Arrive by Air from Paris

THE EISENHOWERS AT LONDON AIRPORT: *Left*—The Supreme Commander Allied Forces in Europe, with Mrs. Eisenhower standing beside him, broadcasting on his arrival in England for a farewell visit on relinquishing his command. *Right*—General and Mrs. Eisenhower walking from their aircraft. The thirty-hour farewell tour started with a visit to Buckingham Palace, where the General and Mrs. Eisenhower were received by the Queen Mother and later took lunch with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. In the evening they attended a dinner given in their honour by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street.

LEAVING THE DORCHESTER HOTEL FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THEY TOOK LUNCH WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: General Eisenhower wore on his service dress the ribbons of his British decorations. He told the Press: "It is wonderful to come back to Britain, where I always meet so many of my old friends."

HOST TO THE WORLD

Delegates to the International Motoring Conferences in London Attend a Party Given by Mr. Philip Shephard, the Vice-Chairman of the A.A.

At the invitation of the Automobile Association of Great Britain, delegates of similar associations of more than sixty-two other countries met in London during the week to discuss problems affecting all motorists and tourists. Their discussions covered the planning of a concerted movement in all countries to combat the great and growing toll of road accidents, the removal of the restrictions which now hamper the exchange of tourists, and the revival of the proposal for an international highway linking London with Istanbul and Calcutta.

In connection with the conference, delegates of the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme, a body embracing a hundred clubs and associations across the world and with a combined membership in excess of 10,000,000, attended a party given at his home in Hedsor Park last week-end by Mr. Philip Shephard, vice-chairman of the Automobile Association. Hedsor is a place of great beauty and historic interest. William de Hedsor is mentioned as having been Lord of the Manor between 1201 and 1211, and it continued in the Hedsor family until the beginning of the fourteenth century. The present house was completed in 1868 and is in the Italian style. In these surroundings and in the delightful weather of last week-end, the motoring delegates saw Britain at its best.

THE GATHERING OF MOTORISTS AT HEDSOR PARK, HOME OF MR. PHILIP SHEPHARD, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION: Delegates representing more than sixty-two countries who took part in the largest international motoring and touring conferences ever to be held, saw the English countryside at its best when they visited Mr. Shephard's home last week-end. The series of conferences the delegates came to attend took place during the week.

DELEGATES TO THE MOTORING CONFERENCES ON THE LAWN AT HEDSOR PARK: During the week they met at Church House, Westminster, to discuss questions of interest to all motorists.

SOME OF THE DELEGATES AT THE LUNCHEON AT HEDSOR PARK: Standing with his hands folded is Resit Saffet Bey Atabinen, President of the Touring and Automobile Club of Turkey. On his immediate left is Dr. Donald Stewart, of the Automobile Association, Great Britain.

THREE BRITISH DELEGATES AT THE PARTY: They are (left to right) Mr. W. V. Gibson, secretary of the A.A., Mr. John Amery-Parkes, a committee member of the A.A., and Mrs. Gibson.

THE GUESTS AT THE HEDSOR PARK PARTY POSE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER: In the front row are (from left to right) M. Adrien Lachenal, President of the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme and Touring Club Swiss, with Madame Lachenal; the wife of the Nepalese Ambassador and the Ambassador; Mr. Amery-Parkes; Mr. Philip Shephard; his son Alexander and Mrs. Shephard.

THE ATOMIC ALCHEMIST

Eric Linklater Dramatises a Modern Alchemist in "The Mortimer Touch" at the Duke of York's Theatre

PAMELA BROWN AND ROGER LIVESEY: Miss Brown, as the "proletarian adventuress" assistant and companion of the charlatan professor, has to play a number of roles to attract the varied dupes of Professor Mortimer in his nefarious and money-making schemes.

Eric Linklater's comedy was first produced at the Edinburgh Festival in 1950 with the title *The Atom Doctor*. Its plot and some of its characters are based on Ben Jonson's Elizabethan satire *The Alchemist*. It tells the story of a modern alchemist who claims to have invented a drawing-room atomic pile which will satisfy the various needs of his clients. It will turn lead into gold for the impoverished Duke; it will produce a super-bomb for two lady Scottish nationalists; and it will give confidence and extra inches to the simple youth who pays for "atomic medicine" from the takings of his mother's shop. The comedy gives rich opportunities for acting by Roger Livesey as the Professor and Pamela Brown as his coquettish assistant. Miss Brown, who was the original Lady in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*, gives a series of brilliant character sketches for the benefit of the Professor's clients. For the Duke, she becomes the efficient lady secretary-laboratory assistant; for the simple youth, she is a psychologist; for the publican, she provides affectionate sympathy; and for the Professor himself, she is all things.

THE ATOM DOCTOR DEMONSTRATES HIS ALCHEMY: A scene from Eric Linklater's farcical comedy, *The Mortimer Touch*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. Left to right are: Pamela Brown and Mervyn Johns as the doctor's assistants; and Roger Livesey as Professor Mortimer. Seated in front is George Relph as an impoverished aristocrat who hopes to replenish the ducal coffers with gold converted in the professor's atomic pile from lead from the ancestral roof.

AN ATOMIC PANACEA: Mervyn Johns, the Professor's assistant and man-servant, sells another bottle of the bogus "atomic medicine" to the half-witted optimist, Alfred Shinney (played by John Garley).

THE AMOROUS PUBLICAN: Richard Pearson, as Tom Thistleton, is caught between the affectionate arms of Connie and the restraining hands of the Professor. He gives a clever character study of the publican who becomes involved in the atom doctor's schemes.

A HAPPY ENDING: The Professor escapes from the consequences of his villainy by running off with a well-endowed widow. Left to right are Mona Washbourne, as the widow; Roger Livesey; Mervyn Johns; and Harry Towb, as the batman of Major Kemney, the soldier-owner of the house in which Professor Mortimer has been carrying on his highly imaginative malpractices.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE CORNISH AND DEVONIAN SCENE: *Left*—Mylor Creek, Cornwall. Mylor Creek preserves the name of the martyred Prince Melor, son of St. Melyan. It is a great yachting centre. *Right*—An evening scene looking across the pleasant harbour at Ilfracombe, North Devon. Few places of the size of Ilfracombe possess so many attractive open spaces and delightful walks and drives to scenes of beauty and interest. Across the Bristol Channel can be seen the Welsh mountains.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND

A Countryside Without Equal for Variety of Scene and Interest

DRAW a couple of linking lines on a map, one being from Oxford to Bristol in the west, the other to Margate in the east; and below this demarcation you get south and south-west England, a countryside which for variety of scene and interest can hardly be equalled, much less excelled, by any other similar-sized area elsewhere in Europe.

Take, for instance, the more than a thousand-mile coastline which runs from Whitstable round to Weston-super-Mare. Along it you find some fifty major seaside towns, catering for most tastes. You can join, if you wish, the milling crowds of Margate or Brighton, with their typically jolly atmosphere, or you can go to the more fashionable Bournemouth or Torquay. One thing they all have in common: a constant round of organised entertainments. In contrast, there are the almost remote spots, like Coverack, in the Lizard Peninsula, and Hartland Quay, in north-west Devon—both firm favourites of mine—where you must make your own fun. Between these extremes, there are dozens of small resorts and large fishing villages, each offering its own special appeal.

Apart from a consideration of the kind of resort you favour for a holiday, it is also wise to take thought regarding the quality of the air. Along the south coasts of Cornwall and Devon, for instance, the air is generally soft and relaxing and warmer, while on the northern coasts of these two counties and also at the eastern resorts in Kent and Sussex, you get a bracing atmosphere.

For those who like to be on an island, there are the Isle of Wight (rather too big to get the true island feeling), the Scillies, and Lundy. St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Islands, can be reached in half an hour by air from Penzance, while there is also a regular steamer service. You can book direct to St. Mary's from any British Railway station. I should warn you, however, that the three-hour trip can be quite unpleasant in stormy weather. There are a number of hotels and guest-houses at Hugh Town, on St. Mary's, and it is quite a popular resort; but I prefer near-by Tresco, with its remarkable botanical gardens, although accommodation is not always easy to find. Lundy is private property, but it can be visited from Appledore, in North Devon. Choose your day, however, for once I travelled there and found I could not get back for a couple of days, owing to a change of weather. This island is famous for its bird-life, especially the puffins.

In the course of a wandering life I have travelled round almost the whole coastal rim of Europe (including the Baltic), from the North Cape to Istanbul. I have also tramped westwards from Minehead, in Somerset, then round the Devon and Cornish coasts to Lyme Regis, in Dorset. I am now quite satisfied that our own southern cliffs are the finest of them all and, more important still, you can walk along them, sometimes quite strenuously, which is not always the case elsewhere.

Physically, I am rather lazy, yet I like a walking tour, not only because it is the ideal form of exercise for a middle-aged person, but because it is the only means by which you can get to know intimately a countryside. In one of his essays, Cowley says that the getting out of doors is the hardest part of the journey, and that seems to be the main reason why so many people put off going on a long-distance tramp. Still, if you would make an effort, then let me commend to you the loveliest walk in the world—from Winchester to Canterbury, along the old Pilgrims' Way. It is quite easy going and, provided the weather is reasonable, it will give you ten unforgettable days.

For those who prefer to make their walks from a centre, I suggest Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, and a choice of places for Dorset and Dartmoor. In Dorset, my favourite English county, Blandford, Sherborne, Bridport, Wimborne, Shaftesbury, Dorchester and especially Wareham, are all most attractive headquarters. Wareham (the "Anglebury" of the Hardy novels) lives within its earthen walls, with ramparts on three sides and a river on the fourth. I know of no English town so snugly set as this small place, with its delightful streets, its lovely lanes, its charming houses, its venerable churches, and the green meadows stretching far away. While to the north, west and south are the moorlands—the land of the heaths, so vividly delineated by Hardy in several of his books.

A more austere moorland is Dartmoor, which can be delightful in fine weather but is an acquired taste when it rains—which it often does. The only hotel of any size inside the moor is at Two Bridges, and this is a good centre. Otherwise you could stay at one of the fringing towns, Bovey Tracey, Moretonhampstead, Chagford and Lydford being those I would recommend.

Farther west is the even bleaker Bodmin Moor, where, during the war, I spent a year. I have no wish whatsoever to return there, except possibly to the quite delightful village of Blisland, which has one of the few village greens in Cornwall. Here, too, you will find a delectable inn, a noteworthy church, and much of interest in the neighbourhood. Altarnun, on the other side of Bodmin Moor, has also a remarkable church, containing many lovely sixteenth-century bench-ends, and a magnificent chancel screen and altar rails. Cornwall is, in fact, a mine of interest for those who like visiting churches.

I often think that Somerset does not get the holiday patronage it really merits. Within its boundaries is Wells, with its enchanting Cathedral and Bishop's Palace. There is Glastonbury. No county in England can boast more medieval manor-houses, Montacute, Barrington Court and Dunster being typical examples. There are parish churches of outstanding beauty, and of medieval inns the George at Glastonbury and the George at Norton St. Philip are among the finest examples of their kind. Altogether, Somerset is a complete reflection not only of the varied and outstanding events of English history, but also of the wonderful variety of English scenery. While Bath is the most famed city in the county, Taunton makes a much better centre for excursions.

Wiltshire may hardly be considered a holiday county, yet, like Somerset, it is rich in historic buildings of many kinds. I must mention Stonehenge, of course; also Bradford-on-Avon and Lacock, both highly picturesque villages; and then there are the numerous and beautiful old manor-houses, such as Wilton and Longleat. But the jewel is Salisbury Cathedral, the loveliest of its kind in England. In all the serenity of its years and purpose this great church rises from a spacious Close—an exquisite setting that seems to hold at certain hours a peace that "passeth understanding," and that overflows into the cloisters near by. An afternoon spent in so peaceful an environment is surely an ideal holiday occupation, even though your day's destination be elsewhere. It is necessary in every great church to rest awhile and take stock; to acquire some feeling for the grandeur of the whole is more satisfying than hurried glances at monuments.

How rich, indeed, is southern England in cathedrals, for in addition to Wells and Salisbury there are those at Exeter, Truro, Winchester, Chichester, Rochester and Canterbury. Just to make a circular tour of these places by car would provide you with an excellent itinerary.

In this very brief survey of holidays I've liked in southern England, I would wish to conclude with a dawdle by river-steamer up the Thames, from Windsor to Oxford. Salters', of Oxford, run the twice-daily services, and on a through ticket you can break your journey at will. What makes this type of holiday unique of its kind is the character of greatness in the places which lie on the banks of this river: Oxford, Eton, Windsor, for instance, while the ancient riverside villages are enchanting spots, where you can often lodge admirably in some quaint, old-world inn. The George at Dorchester, the Barley Mow at Clifton Hampden, the Swan at Streatley, the Miller of Mansfield at Goring, and the George at Wallingford are just a few suggestions of medieval hostelries which tempt you to break your journey to that loveliest of goals, Oxford.

Gordon Cooper

THE SEAFRONT AT WEYMOUTH: It remains one of the most popular resorts on the Dorset coast. Its popularity dates from the time of George III, who frequently resided in Gloucester House, Weymouth.

THE CHALK CLIFFS AND THE LIGHTHOUSE AT BEACHY HEAD, SUSSEX: Here along the downlands is a paradise for the walker, easy to reach from the popular seaside resorts of the South and South-East Coasts.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE VANISHED JOYS OF YESTERDAY

Lady Cynthia Asquith Recalls Social Life Before and After the 1914-18 War

NEARLY everyone who read *Haply I May Remember* will be glad that Lady Cynthia Asquith has been prevailed upon to continue her reminiscences in REMEMBER AND BE GLAD (James Barrie. 16s.). Those who can remember the social life of the days before the 1914 war, and even some of the troublous years which immediately followed it, will derive nostalgic pleasure from these pages, and even those who for various reasons cannot do so, will be grateful for some sensitive and urbane vignettes of a life which has passed for ever, and some portraits of the famous people who figured therein.

With pleasant discursiveness and with an eye for detail, the author records what she insists on calling her youthful impressions of some of her mother's guests during what H. G. Wells called the "great days of Mary Elcho at Stanway." Arthur Balfour, for instance, whom she called "Mr. Rabbit," appearing at his bedroom window armed with a wet sponge; the formidable Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb; H. G. Wells; George Wyndham; Sir Walter Raleigh, known as "The Professor," to name only a few. Perhaps the outstanding chapter is that on D. H. Lawrence, of whom Lady Cynthia Asquith writes an intimate but candid impression. In the volume of literature on the character of this tortured genius, this may be a valuable addition, although the author may imperfectly understand Lawrence's motives in seeking her friendship.

A BIOGRAPHY OF DR. E. Œ. SOMERVILLE, by Geraldine Cummins (Dakers. 21s.), proves a reminder that the famous *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* was published as long ago as 1899 and the first work of Miss Somerville's appeared in 1885. She died a little over two years ago in her ninety-first year, and can be numbered among the few who lived to see their work become classic in their lifetime.

There is more than one way of tackling a literary biography, and this one carries a Preface by Lennox Robinson, an Introduction by the author, a postscript, appendices and a formidable bibliography, but—and this is a serious omission—it has no index.

The story of the literary partnership between Dr. Somerville and "Martin Ross" will naturally be that part of the biography to which the reader will first turn, and he will find that Miss Cummins has a pleasant way of mixing a biographical sketch with her own personal reminiscences.

The place of the Irish in English literature, and particularly in the realm of fiction, is gently underlined in the Preface, in which Mr. Robinson makes the point that they are "apt to swagger a bit and call things that are not tremendously important by high-falutin' names." Of the Irishness of Miss Somerville there can be no doubt, but such were not among her faults, although she could be perverse and self-centred at times. During the last war, for instance, she writes that the English publishers "have allotted all their paper-quotas to the war and till the Russians have killed all the Germans—and before they have begun upon us and U.S.A.—it is no use doing anything." From this singularly insular attitude, Miss Cummins can also take her turn, as, for instance, when she says: "In 1942 an officer told me that he had looked up the War Office Records and noted that 50 per cent. of the decorations awarded to members of the Royal Air Force since the beginning of the war had been won by Irishmen." The sense of humour which runs so strongly in the works of Somerville and Ross seems somehow to be missing in these reflections.

WASHING FOR GOLD IN THE KLONDIKE: An old-timer at work in the North-West. This illustration comes from Kathryn Winslow's new book *Big Pan Out* (Phœnix House. 16s.), an account of the big stampede to the Klondike in the days of the first gold strikes.

It was said that Tchaikovsky used to weep a little on almost any day, and Rachmaninoff, his friend and devoted admirer, was another who seemed to work best in a thoroughly dispirited state. There is, indeed, a body of musical composition to prove it. In his biography of the pianist and composer, Mr. Victor Seroff gives the first convincing study that I have ever read of a man who had the seeds of genius in him, who won money and world-wide fame, but who lived for twenty-five years in unhappy, self-imposed exile, a Russian first and a musician second. RACHMANINOFF (Cassell. 21s.) is an absorbing book, the story of a proud, unhappy man who added to the world's store of beauty.

THE WISDOM OF THE SANDS (Hollis and Carter. 21s.) is the statement of Antoine de Saint-Exupery's personal philosophy, the credo of that extraordinary airman-writer, who was killed in action in 1944. He worked on the book constantly over a long period in New York, back in France and in North Africa, and, to his friends, would refer to it as his *œuvre posthume*, perhaps realising that while he lived it would never be finished. The book is cast in an original form, and is by no means an arid exposition of doctrine, morals or intellectual discoveries. On the contrary, it abounds in vivid descriptive writing and in a kind of excitement which is no less real for not being physical. The translation, by Mr. Stuart Gilbert, is quite impeccable.

Sir Osbert Sitwell's volume of portrait poems, WRACK AT TIDESEND (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), was first projected in 1927 and, although it contains eighty new poems with only a few older ones, it has a nostalgic, between-the-wars air. Nostalgic, and even reminiscent, if a poet's later work may be said to be reminiscent of his earlier. Doesn't this, for instance, remind you of anything?

Lady Sparrowebank's Position,
Of which she talked constantly,
Resembled the multi-coloured ball
That sea-lions
Keep so cleverly spinning
Upon the ends of their up-turned noses . . .

Quiet fun, and perhaps all the better for being familiar fun.

The story that Mr. Lawrence Earl tells of THE BATTLE OF BALTINGLASS (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is one that could only have happened in Ireland, and that, in fact and in truth, is where it did happen—just two years ago. It seems that in Baltinglass, a village in the Wicklow Mountains, about thirty-eight miles to the south of Dublin, the post office had always been run—that is, for the past eighty years—by a member of the Cooke family, and that at the relevant time a Miss Helen Cooke was in line for the appointment. At the same time, a handsome young villager, Mr. Michael Farrell, had applied for the job, although he had no experience to set against Miss Cooke's fourteen years of it. The battle started (and there is now a ballad commemorating it) on the day when Mr. Farrell's appointment was made public, and it raged in the truest Irish style in wider and wider circles, and with all the force of logical and illogical argument till Miss Cooke won her victory and the Republic of Eire itself was moved. A lively book, appropriately enough, and a situation worthy of W. S. Gilbert.

MY OWN UNAIDED WORK (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of pieces, most of them funny, by Miss Hermione Gingold, who is well known to be a very funny girl, and so obviously needs no help at all, beyond a foreword by Mr. Eric Maschwitz and a running fusillade of footnotes by Miss Hermione Baddeley, in putting it together. I think the author is at her best in the pursuit of pure nonsense, and for this reason I recommend *Aunt Hermione's Household Hints, Glerk*, and *The Tuba—Wot of It*. I also recommend that you digest the book in brief snatches.

Dr. Erich Fromm writes about the symbolic language of dreams and myths in his new book, which is based on a series of lectures he gave at an American institute of psychiatry. THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE (Gollancz. 16s.) is a very far cry from the popular handbooks of dream interpretations, beloved in the kitchen and the nursery of old, but it has a kind of popular appeal, too, for those who treat the subject as seriously as the writer.

Mary Crawford's ROSES ARE RED (Cape. 12s. 6d.) is not overburdened with plot and counterplot, but it does tell a story lucidly and agreeably, as well as introducing the reader to a group of people in each of which he can believe even if he doesn't like them. The setting is an old country house, the time the present, and the characters a brilliant actress married to a bumbling squire, their brilliant, unsatisfactory son, their nice, unselfish daughter, and a sprinkling of theatre people, Girl Guides and locals. I enjoyed this novel unreservedly for its grace, its restraint and its good-natured mood.

THE HOUR AWAITS (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is written in a different key, but has something of the same ease of narration. This romance of March Cost's concerns an Austrian princess, a connection of the Habsburgs, who has a secret romance in the Coronation summer and London sunshine of 1911, and returns there ten years later for a twenty-four-hour visit and a delicate mission. Perhaps it was natural to be reminded of Elizabeth's enchanting *Princess Priscilla's Fortnight*, for although the present book has not that humour, it has much the same elegance and Edwardian authority. Recommended as a highly civilised piece of work.

Mr. Wallace Stegner's book of short stories, THE WOMEN ON THE WALL (Hammond. 10s. 6d.), is an example of the vitality and invention of an American writer who is steadily and with every book building up a big reputation for himself. Mr. Wallace Stegner has a wide scope, but I think his two distinctive talents are his admirable ability to compress much meaning into few words, and the beauty and clarity of his descriptions of the American country scene. He is, in fact, quite a writer.

RETURN FROM ARNHEM

A Double Amputee Faces the Civilian World

In the years just before the war, Andrew Milbourne, a young Geordie from Alnwick, eager for martial glory, took the King's Shilling and at fifteen years of age became a drummer boy in the Regular Army, joining the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. What befell he recounts in LEASE OF LIFE (Museum Press. 12s. 6d.), a deeply moving and no ordinary story. Milbourne was caught in the inferno at Arnhem, losing an eye and suffering terrible wounds to both hands. He was captured by the Germans, and underwent a double amputation by the German guillotine methods, the amputations being made just below the elbow. Upon German cruelty and German kindness in the prison camps where he found himself; on Allied comradeship in the midst of suffering; on his own self-pity Milbourne dwells at length, and the drama of his own repatriation comes as a joyous climax after endless suffering. But the battle facing Milbourne in his own land, among his own people, his loving family and his devoted friends, was to prove for him more bitter and more prolonged than anything he had known. How a double amputee, robbed of the military life he knew and loved, adjusts himself to civilian society, finds a niche for himself and makes a home of his own, is told simply and directly, with very little detail withheld. Andrew Milbourne fought an unrelenting battle in making this adjustment, and he won. He even got a job as a haulage engineman at Shilbottle Colliery; more than that, he put the whole grim past behind him; and therein beyond doubt lay the true courage of this man of Arnhem.

"The '20's and the '30's would provide a series of fever charts sufficient to illustrate a whole treatise on fashions in book collecting," writes John Carter, one of the contributors to TALKS ON BOOK COLLECTING (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) a symposium based on lectures organised by the Antiquarian Booksellers Association. Mr. Carter notes in particular the lesson of the boom period which culminated in 1929. It was a warning, he says, against the tendency in collections of "moderns" to move in undiscriminating herds. The prices paid for many first editions of Barrie, Galsworthy and Shaw, to name only three of the authors then fashionable, were ridiculous. The giddy temper of the time also led to over-inflated values for the literature of the eighteenth century, and this, in turn, led to an over-deflation in the decade following. Another important lecture in this volume is that of Howard M. Nixon on "Binding and Binders." Lack of patronage to-day makes the outlook far from encouraging, he declares.

Austria is one of the cheapest of Continental travel countries for the English visitor with his slender allowance of £25. S. P. B. Mais, in collaboration with his wife Gillian Mais, shows in AUSTRIAN HOLIDAY (Alvin Redman. 15s.) what wonderful opportunities the country offers to-day even though it is yet an occupied land. The book is in diary form, and is adorned with some excellent photographs.

The CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GASTRONOMY (Collins. 42s.) was planned in 1938 to be completed in nine sections to be published, so it was hoped at the time, at the rate of three each year; but in 1939, when the first section dealing with Sauces was published, the war broke out and the programme was much curtailed. It was, however, completed in 1946, and now, in response to popular demand, the various sections on Sauces, Vegetables, Cereals, Fruit, Fish, Meat, Birds and Eggs, Cheese, and Wine have been brought together in a single volume of over 800 pages, with a joint index. André L. Simon, who has written more than forty books about wine and food, has beyond doubt produced in this encyclopædia a work of vital and lasting importance. Another work of the same character is Robert Leighton's THE COMPLETE BOOK OF THE DOG (Cassell. 15s.), which now appears in a new edition carefully revised by A. W. Hunter. The book has not been available since the war, and its reappearance is most welcome.

For 100 years the firm of Albright and Wilson have been virtually the only makers of phosphorus in Great Britain, so to mark this centenary they have produced a handsome illustrated volume entitled THE STORY OF 100 YEARS OF PHOSPHORUS-MAKING (published at 25s. at Oldbury). The author is Richard E. Threlfall, who has searched through the company's records to produce an account of much general interest. Phosphorus was discovered in 1669 by Brandt, an alchemist of Hamburg, and in 1775 Scheele, the Swedish chemist, described a method of making phosphorus from bone ash, but it was not until 1844 that white phosphorus came into general use in England and that Arthur Albright began his researches, which led him to the slaughter-houses of Galatz in search of raw material. Arthur Albright was an inveterate traveller and a man of liberal mind, and the pages that deal with his long and honourable career are among the most interesting in Mr. Threlfall's book.

REPRINT: Charles Lamb's THE ESSAYS OF ELIA (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) now appears in the admirable series of Macdonald classics.

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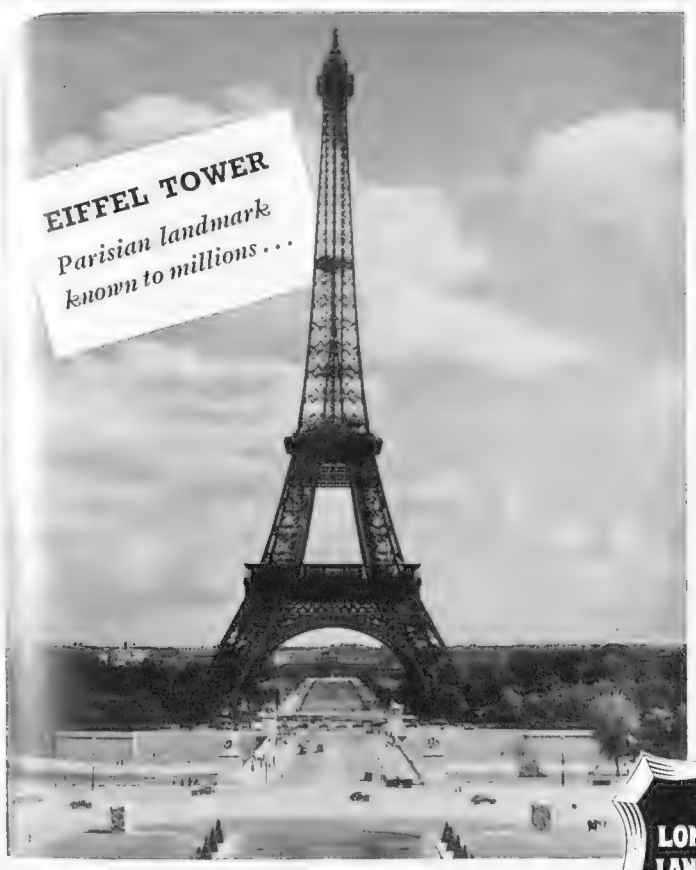

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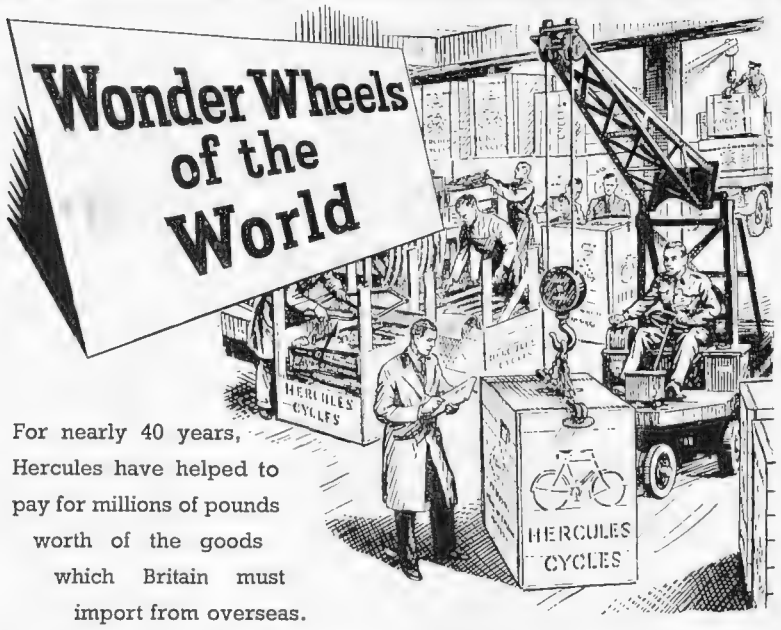

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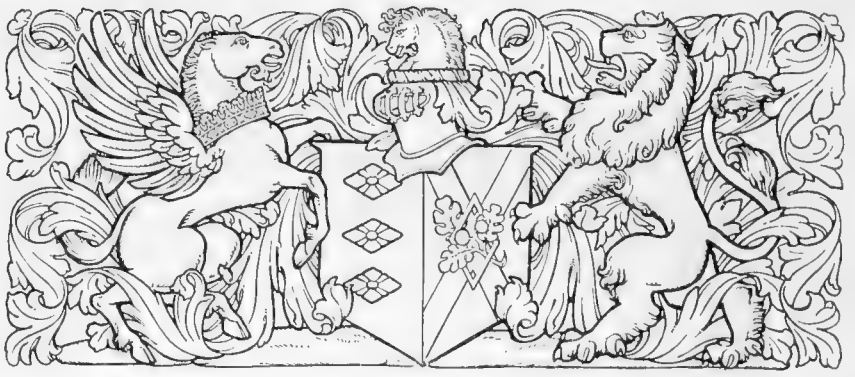

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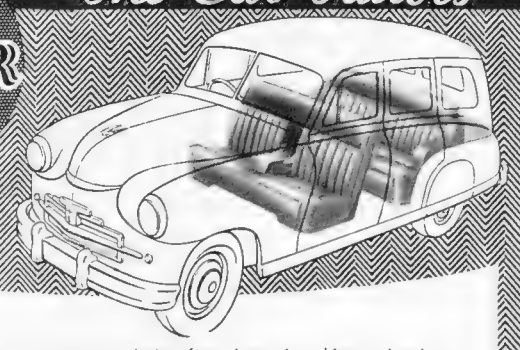

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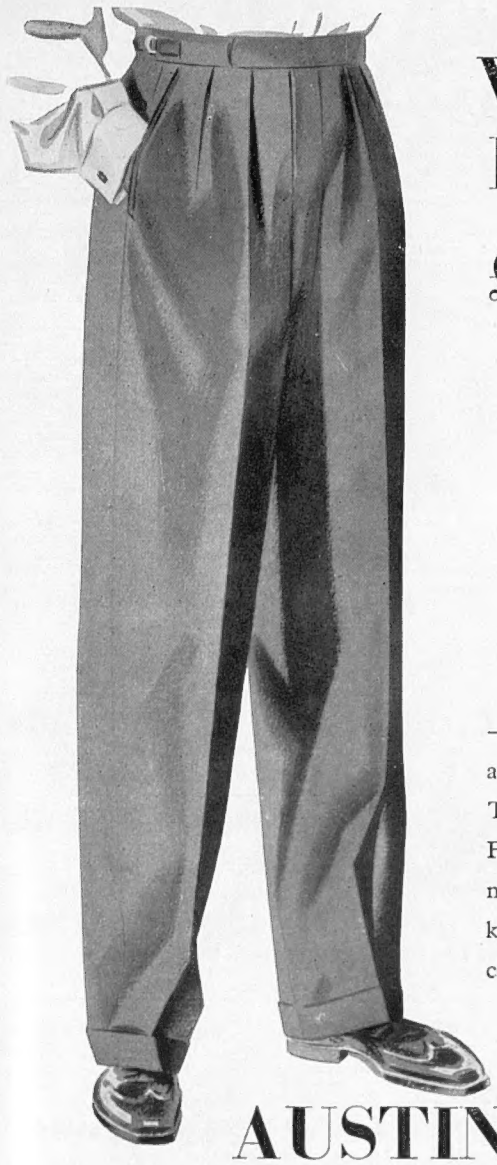

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

"EVERY amenity" is a phrase which is very much overworked in the hotel world, but we, the public, accept it with the proverbial grain of salt. Sometimes the amenities provided are of the barest minimum, yet at other times they are surprisingly bountiful.

Take an hotel like the *Oatlands Park* at Weybridge, Surrey, for example. *En pension* terms range from 9 guineas a week, and for this you receive not only the comfort, the service and the catering of a first-class hotel, but have the *free* use of an 18-hole golf course surrounding the hotel, three squash courts, hard tennis courts, swimming-pool, bowling-green, billiards, and can enjoy the Saturday evening dances and television. If that isn't generous value, I should like to know what is.

I notice that an increasing number of hotels are including radio rediffusion in their bedrooms, and "early to bed" takes on a new significance when there are three programmes to command at the turning of a knob. I recall the following hotels where I have enjoyed this pleasure. In London, *The Stafford* and *The Washington*; and in the provinces *The Grand* at Frinton, *The Victoria* at Sidmouth, *The Royal Norfolk* at Bognor Regis, *The Plough and Harrow* at Edgbaston, Birmingham, *The Clifton Arms*, Lytham St. Annes, and *The Seaburn* at Sunderland. At the small *Esplanade Hotel*, Bognor Regis, it has been devised to act as a "sitter-in," and if a child cries whilst its parents are out, it is relayed through to the office—a valuable stand-by.

As a gesture of goodwill, a few hotels supply free morning newspapers to each guest. But, I have yet to find in this country the service we experienced at *The Utah Hotel*, Salt Lake City, where the gratuitous morning paper was stamped: "Good morning. We hope you had a good night. The temperature outside this morning was . . . (added in pencil)." Thus, womenfolk in particular, who pay little attention to that adage about casting clouts, knew whether it was a day for furs or flimsies.

I am always campaigning to persuade hoteliers to be more liberal with their supply of notepaper and envelopes. A writing-table without the wherewithal to write is as useless as a bedroom wardrobe without coat-hangers. One can ask for it at the office, it is true, but how niggardly is the supply often handed out. I realise it is frequently wasted and that it is expensive, but I also know that one of the best advertisements a good hotel can have is a letter on its notepaper from a satisfied guest.

On the whole, however, the amenities which our British hotels provide nowadays are quite amazing, especially when one considers the increasing costs which hoteliers have to face in every direction. All the more reason then for not abusing the service which the hotel-keeper is endeavouring to give us. Coat-hangers are not the rightful perquisite of visitors, yet they disappear from hotels in their hundreds weekly. Nor has anyone visiting an hotel for a meal the right to walk around the grounds and pick flowers. These are amenities supplied by hotels at considerable cost for the benefit of the many, not for the selfish few.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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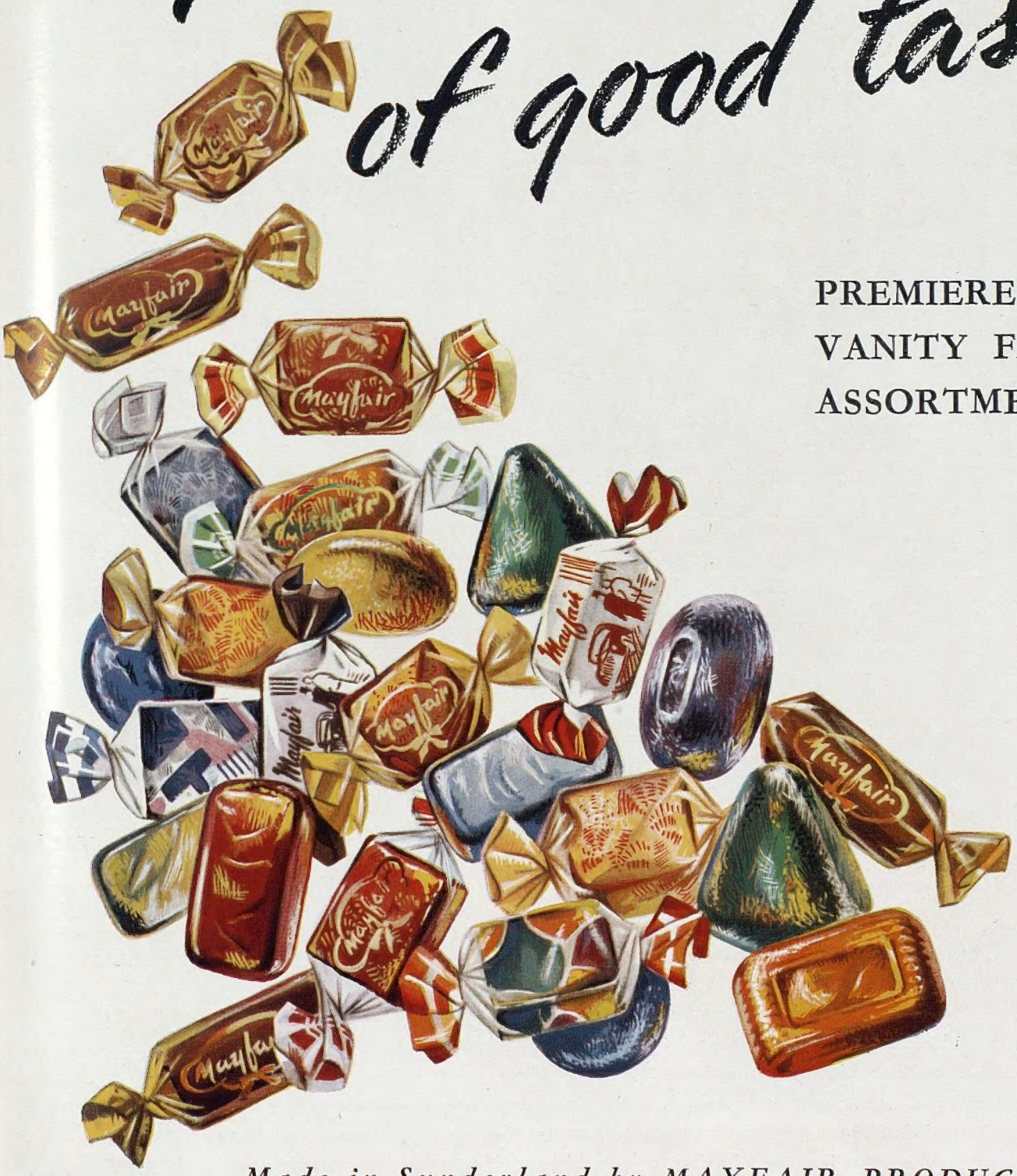

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